

EVENING TELEGRAPH.

10 CENTS PER WEEK

DIXON, ILLINOIS, SATURDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 12, 1885

NUMBER 530

LIVERY

FEED STABLE

JESSE P. LUDEWICK

Successor to CHAS. DEAN

Main Street East Galena, Dixon.

ELEGANT RIGS and stylish horses. Carriages furnished on short notice for all occasions.

A GOOD HEARSE

constantly on hand

Terms Reasonable

Thos. Dolan & Son

TAILORS.

We keep constantly on hand a full line of

Foreign and Domestic Woolens

Which we will make up at reasonable prices to suit the times.

General Satisfaction Guaranteed

Give Us A Call.

At the Old Stand, opposite Opera House, Galena Street, Dixon Ill.

[418m3]

REMOVED.

Spencer & Harden

Have removed their stock to the room formerly occupied by L. H. Burd.

Where we would be pleased to see all our old customers as many new ones as feel disposed to call.

Telene No. 70.

Dimick's Block, Next to Eberhart & Co.

ATTENTION

Having sold my stock of groceries to Wm. H. DeGRASSE, of Milwaukee, it will be to the interests of all my customers and as many others as see fit to call on the new firm.

All persons indebted to me will please call and square accounts.

John E. Moyer.

TAILORING,

Cleaning and Repairing.

WM. BOAGER has opened a tailoring shop on Hennepin street, east side, opposite Dimick's brick block. He invites patronage and to please all.

JOHN GUTHRIE,

Architect and Builder.

Plans and specifications for all kinds of building furnished on short notice. Terms Reasonable. Address, Dixon, Ill. (Residence in north Dixon, near residence of E. C. Sicks).

John Guthrie.

Save Your Roofs.

EXCELSIOR ROOF PAINT.

Guaranteed Against Fire or Weather.

Messrs. Baranum and Pettibone, General Agents for this unrivaled Roof Paint, are prepared to apply the same to the roofs in Dixon and surrounding country. It is a preparation for all Metal, Siding, Canvas surface, and durability good for 10 to 12 years. It neither Cracks or Blisters, and is unaffected by Heat or Cold. All who have roofs to paint are invited to examine this and convince themselves of its superior quality, before using any other. Call upon C. McBride, house painter, examine samples and leave orders.

HE WANTS HIS PAY.

EX-SENATOR CRESWELL MAKES A REPLY TO THE COMPTROLLER.

He Objects to Certain Statements and Makes a Defense of the Court of Alabama Claims—"Monstrous and Unpleasant."

WASHINGTON CITY, Sept. 12.—Judge Harlan, presiding judge of the court of Alabama claims, being still detained in the west by illness, the communication addressed by him under date of the 5th inst. to Secretary of State Bayard, containing the court side of the controversy raised by the accounting officers of the treasury in regard to the disbursements of the court and the authority under which they have been made, is still withheld from publication, but in the meantime a breezy correspondence has been started with First Comptroller Durham by ex-Senator Creswell, counsel for the United States before the court, whose salary Mr. Durham has suspended. In a letter dated Sept. 11, addressed to Auditor Durham, Mr. Creswell refers with surprise to certain statements given out to newspapers with respect to his official salary and position. He especially objects to the statement that the law only authorized his compensation at an allowance in each case tried, to be fixed by the court, and that the court has never paid the slightest attention to this law, and no evidence was on file that he had ever tried a case, notwithstanding which he had regularly drawn \$3,000 a year. Mr. Creswell says to the first comptroller:

Knowing you to be the highest accounting officer of the government I am unwilling to suppose—in fact, I cannot believe—that these articles emanated from you. I have received no official communication from you whatever upon the subject. I do not know from any official source whether my salary has been stopped or not. I know I have not received it for the month of August. If you have refused to pay it you have left me completely in the dark as to the reasons which have appeared to you sufficient to justify such action, and you have failed even to give me notice to appear for the purpose of presenting my views in support of the claim.

Referring to the section in the original act establishing the court, which provided that he, as counsel, should receive such reasonable allowance to be apportioned in each claim as might be approved by the court, Mr. Creswell says an honest effort was made by the former court to apply this section, but it was found impracticable, and he accordingly went on with the duties for eight months without any pay until the matter could be laid before congress and some fixed salary could be prescribed by law. He spreads upon his letter copious extracts from the debates in congress when this matter was under discussion, showing an almost unanimous opinion that his compensation ought to be a fixed salary, and not by an apportionment, the only difference of opinion being whether the pay should be \$12,500, \$10,000, \$8,000 and \$6 a day expense, or \$3,000. He shows that finally, on motion of senator (now secretary) Bayard, the latter sum was agreed upon. Thereupon Mr. Creswell asks:

Who shall give meaning to this proviso but the senators who debated it, and who shall be better authority than the very senator who amended the amendment to meet his own views and then proceeded to explain precisely what those views were? Observe what Mr. Bayard says: "I propose to put that counsel on a level with the attorney general of the United States, a cabinet officer, and to pay him a salary of \$8,000, which it seems to me is enough for his services." This difference between Mr. Bayard on the one side and his brother senators, who agreed with him, and yourself, on the other, is irreconcilable, and the inference is inevitable that either Senator Bayard and his confederates did not know the meaning of their own language, or that Comptroller Durham is in error.

Mr. Creswell goes on to say that after a careful study of this law and the debate which accompanied it the former court adopted in open court an order fixing his compensation at \$3,000 a year, payable monthly. This order he claims is still in force. This is not a new court; it is the court of Alabama claims re-established, and all the permanent orders of the old court applicable are deemed to be in force. The matter was, however, duly considered by the reorganized court and passed upon by the then first comptroller, who, on Dec. 31, 1882, officially notified him of the acceptance and approval of his quarterly account at the rate of \$3,000 a year. Mr. Creswell says the present attitude of Comptroller Durham is an attempt to revive a provision which both the court and the senate thought "monstrous and unpleasant," and which the lawmakers believed they had forever precluded by the provision referred to. He closes by making a formal demand for the continued payment of his salary as sanctioned by law and usage heretofore or for a detailed statement in writing of the objections of the first comptroller, so that he may be able to take the proper steps to maintain his rights.

Consular Appointments by the President.

WASHINGTON CITY, Sept. 12.—The president has made the following appointments: Henry W. Gilbert, of New York, consul at Trieste; James M. Ross, of New York, consul at Three Rivers, Can.; Moses A. Hopkins, of North Carolina, to be minister resident and consul general at Liberia; Irwin Douglass, to be supervising inspector of steam vessels for the Memphis, Tenn., district. Moses A. Hopkins, of North Carolina, appointed minister to Liberia, was born a slave in Montgomery county, Virginia. After obtaining his freedom he was educated at Lincoln university, Pennsylvania. He was until recently principal of the State Normal Colored school of North Carolina. He was endorsed for the position to which he has just been appointed by the governor and state officers of North Carolina, as well as by representative colored men of that

AN APPEAL TO CATHOLICS

For Means to Endow the Professorships in the New University at Washington.

BALTIMORE, Md., Sept. 12.—The committee appointed by the plenary council to arrange for the establishment of the Catholic university which Miss Caldwell, of New York, has so liberally endowed, has issued an appeal to the Catholics of the United States. After setting forth all that has already been accomplished as far as preliminary arrangements are concerned including the purchase of a lot in Washington on which the building is to be erected, the appeal circular says:

We appeal to the Catholics of the United States, and especially to the wealthy, to provide the means to endow the eight professorships with which the university will enter upon its work. The creation of this university is the first work of general and national significance undertaken by the church in this country; and when we consider what the various dioceses and parishes have singly accomplished in a few years in building churches, schools, etc., it is not possible to doubt that the united energies of 8,000,000 Catholics will prove equal to any enterprise. It is obvious that the dignity of the church in America demands that it should have at least one institution, which transcending local needs and interests, shall assume a national and representative character.

The following names of the university board are appended to the appeal: Archbishops Gibbons, of Baltimore; Hayes, of Milwaukee; Williams, of Boston; Ryan, of Philadelphia; Carrigan, of New York; Bishops Ireland, of St. Paul; Keane, of Richmond; Spalding, of Peoria.

Time on the Race Track.

NEW YORK, Sept. 12.—The attendance at the Brighton Beach race track, Friday was good. First race, for 2-year-olds, 4 mile; Bessie B. won, Vertigo second, Ascoli third; time, 1:10 1/2. Second race, selling allowances, 1 1/4 miles; Gipsy won, Winsell second, Strabismus third; time, 2:00 1/2. Third race, all ages, 1 mile; Gleaner won, Swift second, Barnum third; time, 1:45 1/2. Fourth race, handicap, 1 1/4 miles; Kosciusko won, Woodflower second, Farewell third; time, 2:14 1/2. Fifth race, steeplechase, full course; Harry Mann won, Tilford second, Jim McGowan third; time, 5:18 1/2.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 12.—For the fourth day of the racing at the fair grounds track the weather was fine and attendance fair. First race, purse \$400, 3/4 mile; Silver Cloud first, Mamie Hurst second, Alabama third; time, 1:17. Second race, purse \$500, mile heats; Effie H. first, Buchanan second, Keene third; time, 1:45 1/2. Third race, hotel stakes, value \$1,400, 3/4 mile; Rapido first, Exile second, Doubtful third; time, 2:45 1/2. Fourth race, purse \$400, 3/4 mile; Lucas first, Bowler second, John Morris third; time, 1:17 1/2. Fifth race, handicap, purse \$200, 1 1/4 mile; Biddy Bowling won, Revolve second, Powhattan third; time 1:37 1/2.

A Cargo of Silver.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 12.—The United States man-of-war Swatara left here Friday with the large sum of \$10,400,000 in silver coin taken from the mint here. This is said to be the most valuable cargo ever carried on a vessel. The silver put the vessel down about about two and a half feet, so that she now draws a little over twenty feet. There was a report that the vessel was too far down in the water for safety, but the officers ridicule the idea. At quarantine station half the silver will be transferred to the United States vessel Yantic, which is at anchor there, and the two will then leave together for Washington. A treasury official goes with each vessel.

Treasury Officials To Be Removed.

WASHINGTON CITY, Sept. 12.—Prior to his departure on his vacation, Secretary Manning notified Gen. Rosecrans, register of the treasury, among others, that, during his absence he would decide what removals and appointments in his department would best subserve the public interests. In consonance with this, and agreeably to the wishes of the appointing power, Gen. Rosecrans Friday requested the resignation of the assistant register of the treasury and the five chiefs of the divisions in his bureau, such resignations to take effect on the appointment of their successors.

The Missing Brainerd.

WINNIPEG, Manitoba, Sept. 12.—Lawrence Brainerd's lawyer here says he does not know where the fugitive banker is. He telegraphed to Chicago and St. Paul law firms at the time of the kidnapping, directing them to take steps to rescue Brainerd from the kidnapers, and to get him over the line again in the easiest possible way. Friday he was advised from St. Paul of Brainerd's escape, but knows nothing of the manner in which it was accomplished. Mrs. Brainerd expects that her husband will be with her again soon.

The Sultan's Courtesy.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Sept. 12.—The United States man-of-war Quinnebaug will sail for Smyrna on the 14th inst. The vessel was detained at the arsenal at Pera to make necessary repairs. The sultan declined to allow payment for the repairs, and Mr. Cox, the United States minister, thanked his majesty for the courtesy extended to his countrymen. Mr. Cox had his first interview with Said Pasha, the grand vizier, Friday, concerning the tariff laws which affect the trade of the United States.

About Rebel Relief.

OTTAWA, Ont., Sept. 12.—The government has decided to let the law take its course in the Riel case. Instructions have been sent to the officials and mounted police to exercise special precautions in regard to the prisoner. The force at Regina is to be increased. Before the sentence can be carried out, the governor general's warrant, ordering the execution, must be issued. Without this the sheriff has no authority to carry out the sentence.

THE STATE OF TRADE.

CONDITION OF GENERAL BUSINESS QUITE FAVORABLE.

Steadiness in Dry Goods and Woolen Fabrics—The Pig Iron Market Firm—The Business Outlook—Failures for a Week.

NEW YORK, Sept. 12.—Bradstreet's Journal in its commercial summary says: The condition of general trade is quite as favorable as that mentioned at any previous date within seven weeks past. The steadiness and strength manifested by the demand for dry goods and for woolen fabrics have encouraged many dealers at eastern distributing centers to look for steadiness in the movement. It may be added that the gain in the demand for pig iron tends in some degree to inspire the confidence manifested in various quarters that the turn in the tide has at last taken place, and that the increase in the consumption of staple commodities may present a steady growth. It is a welcome sign that no boom is discernible in any direction. The increased distribution of goods is formed of a larger number of moderate sized orders, and in many instances of unexpected duplicate demand.

The American pig-iron market is firm. Sales at New York average about 3,000 tons daily. With a continuation of this business a moderate advance is likely. All the steel-rail mills are at work, and \$29@30 are freely quoted. Bar iron is in much better request, and the iron trade as a whole feels the influence.

Eastern agents and jobbers of dry goods continue to do a fair business, but as retailers are fairly well stocked up, sales are not as large as they have been. Additional brands of brown and bleached cotton have been advanced in price. There has been no special change in the wool market. Manufacturers buy with reserve, as holders are stiffening their views, and goods have not appreciated in price to correspond with the gain in the raw material. The demand for woolen goods is rather better than otherwise. Boots and shoes are in much better request, but prices are low. The features of the general situation are, however, not uniform.

Anthracite coal and wheat and Indian corn and flour are all suffering from extremely depressed prices and a slack demand. These must be supplemented by reference to quite severe railway competition and of war of rates south, northwest, and east from Chicago.

The Liverpool Grain Market.

LIVERPOOL, Sept. 12.—A leading weekly grain circular says: "The weather is wet and unsettled, retarding harvesting. A considerable portion of the crops is not yet gathered. Trade is firmer, with a good inquiry for wheat. Spot and distant sales are not offering freely. An advance of 1d is paid. At Friday's market there was a fair attendance. The feeling was steady. There was a moderate trade in wheat at extreme rates. Average sales of flour were made at full prices. There was a healthy consumers' demand for corn at previous rates."

A Private Banker Fails.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Sept. 12.—Milwaukee is experiencing considerable of a sensation, caused Friday morning by the assignment of Samuel B. French, a private banker, who has always stood very high. He assigned to George R. Brewery, his son-in-law. The liabilities are \$65,000 and upward and the assets \$35,000.

Business Failures.

NEW YORK, Sept. 12.—There were 153 failures in the United States reported to Bradstreet's during the week, against 169 in the preceding week, and 180, 139 and 139 in the corresponding weeks of 1884, 1883 and 1882 respectively. About 58 per cent. were those of small traders whose capital was less than \$5,000.

Lynching a Kentucky Negro.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 12.—Last Saturday a negro named Scales, who had just been discharged from the Cincinnati workhouse, made a brutal assault on the 5-year-old daughter of a poor man named Lunsford, who lives in Boone county, Kentucky. He was arrested and confined in the jail at Burlington. At 12 o'clock Friday night a mob about eighty strong assembled at Florence and proceeded to Burlington. Upon reaching the jail, about 1 o'clock, the mob broke the doors with sledges, bound Scales hand and foot, and threw him down the stone steps of the jail. They then placed him in a wagon, drove out on the pike several miles, and hanged him. Scales pitifully prayed for mercy and declared his innocence, but without avail. The mob was infuriated with liquor, and wanted to take out Dunkard, who is held for murder, but his friends gathered and aided the sheriff in resisting the demand of the mob.

Reunited After Fifty Years.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Sept. 12.—Fifty years ago Ellen Johnson, a colored woman, was separated from her mother, who was sold and sent to New Orleans. The mother arrived here Friday morning hale and hearty. She is 112 years old and the daughter 60. Living in the house with Mrs. Ellen Johnson are her children to the third generation, so that the Johnson family now consists of great-grandmother, great-grandmother, grandmother, mother, and children.

A Free Fight in Church.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., Sept. 12.—While revival services were being held in the Waynesville Baptist church loud talking from a group of young men in the vestry caused a protest from Elder William Brown. The crowd attacked him, but he felled several with a stool. Finally Joe Patton, Coot Allen, and John Haynes fell on him and fatally stabbed him. They fled and are still at large.

TAMMANY HALL DEMOCRACY.

Adopts a Series of Resolutions in regard to Public Offices.

NEW YORK, Sept. 12.—At a meeting of Tammany hall general committee held Friday night the following resolution offered by Mr. Bourke Couhrane were adopted by a standing vote:

WHEREAS, Popular control of a public service is an essential element of a Republican form of government, and

WHEREAS, Recent legislation has tended to diminish and restrict the authority of officers chosen by the people to appoint, promote and remove their own subordinates, and

WHEREAS, The Democratic party in the late presidential election pledged itself to effect a thorough and complete reform of the public service, therefore be it

Resolved, That the Tammany Hall Democracy demands of the state and federal authorities the complete redemption of the pledges made by the party to secure to the people of the state and nation an efficient, capable, and an honest public service.

Resolved, That we protest against any legislative or administrative measures which may tend to create a permanent office holding class in this country and we denounce all attempts to grant a life tenure of office to any body of public servants as the first step towards the subversion of these doctrines of equality which have been the safeguard of the republic.

Resolved, That appointments to office should be made on the untrammelled and undivided responsibility of public officers chosen by the people for that purpose and answerable to their constituents for the manner in which they have discharged their trusts.

Resolved, That the creation of irresponsible boards or commissions vested with the authority to control or interfere with the exercise of the power of appointment by elective officers is an abridgment of the privileges conferred on the chosen servants of the people, and we condemn it as unwarrantable invasion of popular rights and an undemocratic and indefensible restriction of the vigor and effect of suffrage.

SMALL SPECKS OF WAR.

The Attitude of Spain and Germany Much Less Pacific.

PARIS, Sept. 12.—Spanish advices of Friday are of a much less peaceful nature than previous reports. Bellicose manifestos have been placarded in many of the cities in Spain, and there are other indications of the popular desire for a recourse of hostilities. The statement published in Le Matin to the effect that a military uprising had taken place in Madrid is, however, pronounced a canard. Admiral Topet, under secretary of the Spanish marine, has resigned his office on account, it is said, of the friendly terms embodied in the Spanish reply to Germany respecting the Caroline affair.

Le Paris states that it has received information from an authentic source that the German fleet has been ordered to be ready in case of emergencies.

LONDON, Sept. 12.—A special to The Times from Madrid confirms the report that the Spanish note to Germany expresses the hope that Germany will recognize the prior rights of Spain to the Carolines, even to the islands which German cruisers have already occupied, and that, in that event, Spain will insert in The Gazette an ample apology in the name of King Alfonso, the government and the country for the insults to the German embassy.

Suicide of a Count.

MONTREAL, Sept. 12.—At 8 o'clock Friday afternoon the Count H. Wilhelm Browne, of Berlin, who arrived by steamer Friday morning from New South Wales, shot himself in front of St. Lawrence Hall on James street. The particulars are as follows: The count, who owned a large estate in Germany left home early last spring to visit Australia and South America, leaving a young and beautiful wife behind him. At Rio Janeiro he received a cablegram that his wife had fled with a young tradesman and was supposed to be in either New South Wales or in Canada. He at once left for the former place and failing to find the guilty couple came here, where he found his wife and her paramour living at one of the hotels. He visited her and entreated her to return, but without avail. He then went to St. Lawrence hall and had dinner, after which he walked coolly out on the sidewalk and discharged his revolver at his left ear, the bullet going through the ear. He was conveyed to Notre Dame hospital, where he lies in a dying condition.

Stokes Buys Some Telegraph Property.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Sept. 12.—At 3 o'clock Friday afternoon Sheriff Dawstoe appeared on the court house steps for the purpose of selling the Ohio lines of the Bankers' and Merchants' Telegraph company, which were in litigation in the common pleas court all last week. Attorney Estop, for the American Rapid Telegraph company, warned all persons that if they bid at the sale they did so at their risk for the lines were still in litigation and were the property of the American Rapid company and that the latter continued to uphold its rights. W. B. Tyler, son of Judge Tyler bought the lines for \$65,350 for Edward S. Stokes, despite the warning. There were no other bidders.

"I Wish I Was a Tom-Cat."

BOSTON, Sept. 12.—Parson Downs opened his Friday night services with a hymn: Just as he read off the first lines he coughed violently, and after clearing his throat, shouted at the top of his harsh voice: "I wish I was a tom cat—an old tom cat." At this the dense audience laughed, yelled, hissed and howled. When the noise had subsided somewhat he continued: "No, perhaps not for the reason you think or as the public would say, because I want to scratch and fight, but really so that I would always keep in good voice."

Free-Thinkers in Convention.

ALBANY, N. Y., Sept. 12.—The New York State Free-Thinkers' convention opened Friday morning. Many prominent free-thinkers will deliver addresses during the three days' session. Chas. R. G. Ingersoll will speak at the meeting Sunday evening.

FASHION REVIEW.

Perfumed Gloves Recently Imported Among Other Styles.

LATEST FASHIONS IN WRAPS.

Garments for Early Autumn Wear, Designed for Evening and Dress Occasions.

Among the most recently imported novelties, says the *Chicago Times*, come perfumed gloves, in which the perfume should be lasting, as it is said to be tanned in the kid by some newly-discovered process. Thus far these gloves have only made their appearance in small numbers as samples, but if they wear as well as promised they will certainly become popular. The kid is of the soft, unglazed variety, and the gloves are in seven-button lengths, in several light and dark shades of tan, and in dark brown and green. The odor in these is very delicate, and at the same time penetrating, and clings to the hands for some time after the gloves have been removed. Another new style in gloves is of glazed kid in tan colors, stitched with black,

after the pattern known as feather-stitching. There are the usual three rows of stitching on the back of the hand, and there are two rows of stitching on the close-buttoned wrist, one at the bottom of the deep, finishing hem. The same glove is also seen in black, stitched with tan color, in which the effect is very odd and showy. For full-dress occasions the long mousquetaire continues to be the most approved style, and is made so long that it reaches the shoulders in full wrinkles. All lengths to the twenty-four button are in one piece, but in the thirty-two button length, which is the longest, there is a seam just above the elbow, entirely concealed, however, by the full wrinkles. Besides the delicate shades, these gloves come in black, and in a shade of tan so deep that it is almost seal brown. Gloves with kid hands and long lace tops are also very much liked for evening, the kid being unglazed, and the lace silk, in showy designs outlined with raised cords. It is not necessary that these gloves with the lace tops should be as long as those entirely of kid, as they are not designed to fall in heavy wrinkles. In fact the wrinkles destroy in some degree the effect of the lace pattern. Mitts are still fashionable for those who like them, and black silk gloves have to a great extent taken the place of kid for summer wear. The great objection to the finer qualities of black silk gloves is that they are not at all serviceable, and after being used only two or three times the fingers show tiny holes, that grow rapidly in spite of careful darning. For those who

STUDY ECONOMY, it is a very sensible idea to take a well-worn pair of silk gloves and convert them into mitts by cutting the fingers and thumbs off and neatly hemming the edges. In this way a very presentable pair of mitts may be manufactured, and whole mitts are certainly preferable to worn-out gloves. There are tan-colored silk gloves and mitts, as well as black, although they are not nearly as much worn, owing, doubtless, to the fact that they make the hands appear much larger than they really are.

It is already hinted by those supposed to be in possession of convincing proofs, that woolen lace in the finer qualities will be among the most fashionable fall garnitures. It is to be brought out in all desirable shades for street and house dresses, and for the latter purpose the finer qualities are almost filmy in texture, and the designs are wonderfully graceful, while the tones are admirably soft and pure. As a novelty, there is woolen lace on which velvet figures are introduced, usually taking the form of small, irregular blocks. The velvet is a shade deeper than the woolen foundation of the lace, and makes it an especially rich and charming garniture. Wooden beads covered with silk webbing are also seen on woolen lace raised in the center of a design to give further character. The beads so arranged are very effective, but as they are attached only with a

SINGLE THREAD

through the center, they soon wear off, leaving a ragged appearance far from desirable. The rage for pendant trimmings seems still to be on the increase, and their many varieties and uses are utterly impossible of description. There are ex-

pensive and realistic fringes of silk and chenille, finished with small acorns or hazelnuts, and there are others tipped with bead and wooden balls covered and decorated in various ways, generally with a little admixture of tinsel in the silken threads. Then there are fringes entirely of beads, and there is a fancy for covering the side panels of skirts with these fringes instead of embroidered nets, the fringes being even more showy, as the loose strands catch and reflect the light with the slightest movement, making the panels thus decorated quivering flashes of jet. White and colored beads are seen, as well as black, and for evening wear white satin, garnished with fringes of fine gold beads, is marvelously exquisite and effective. There are also separate bead ornaments in the shape of leaves or flowers to be applied to the dress material. The foundation of these ornaments is so very fine, and the applique so skillfully done that only the initiated know that the designs are not embroidered direct on the dress material. Even these applique decorations are not free from pendants, and clusters of bead balls depend from the centers of leaves and flowers, seemingly without reason, but nevertheless, effectively.

BEADED NETS

also show a profusion of pendants, and one of the prettiest designs lately noticed in these beaded nets presented the appearance of solid interlocked wheels with bunches of fringes depending from the centers. Black net embroidered with fine-cut steel beads is a very happy combination, and over black silk and satin dresses is wonderfully rich in effect. As an example is one of black faille with a fine-plaited front opening over an embroidered panel in steel. Across the foot of the panel the design takes the form of heavy grasses with waving tops. Higher up the design narrows, and above the tops of the grasses hover small butterflies of steel. Back of the group of plaits framing this embroidered breadth on the left is a narrow panel covered from belt to hem with overlapping steel fringes. On the right the group of plaits is wider, and is drawn out and up in fan-shape, with a deep-plaited flounce set underneath. The back of the skirt, cut demi-train, is draped high in butterfly effect, with elaborate embroideries and fringes of steel set between the puffs. The foot of the demi-train is entirely untrimmed. The bodice, over the foot of which the drapery of the demi-train is taken, is cut square in the neck in front and outlined with embroideries of grasses and butterflies of steel, carried down the front in vest form, and also taken in tapering effects part way down the back seams. A fringe of steel beads is taken down either side of the vest and around the foot of the bodice to the drapery in the back. The sleeves are elbow-length, finished with steel trimmings, and a

QUIVERING BUTTERFLY

of steel set among a bunch of grasses ornaments the high collar. The fan is of black gauze embroidered with steel, and the slippers show single steel butterflies embroidered on the toes. Tan-colored gloves complete the costume, enhancing the remainder of the combination in black and steel. A very graceful evening toilet is a combination of amber gauze and garnet velvet. The skirt is laid in deep side plaits from the waist down, there being two plaits of gauze and then one of velvet, the mingling giving a pretty effect. Over this skirt short and very bouffant drapery of the gauze is taken in one puff, falling short over the hips, a trifle longer in front and much longer in the back. The very close-fitting pointed bodice is fashioned of velvet made only with narrow shoulder-straps. The fastening is in the shape of lacing down the center of the back. Puffs of gauze serve as sleeves, and are met by long gloves. Gauze also partly fills in the low-cut neck drawn into the velvet in smooth folds. A cluster of pale yellow roses is worn on the corsage, and a single rosebud is caught in the center of the fan that is in oval shape, made of puffs of gauze.

Fashion Notes.

A pretty wrap of improved dolman shape, with a postilion back, is made of black brocaded wool velvet and trimmed with woolen lace.

Velvet sashes are lined with gold color or cardinal silk gathered to a point at the ends and finished with a tassel the color of the lining.

There are no plain skirts this season. Even the polonaise has the skirt plaited, or gathered to the edge of the waist, which may be round or bodice-shaped, as one's form will admit.

Dust cloaks are made in brocaded canvas lined with thin silk; these are long enough to reach to the hem of the dress, are full at the back and shaped, and have either sling sleeves or short ones, forming part of the mantle; the back seams are outlined with trimming

JUVENILE COLUMN.

Selections Made by One Who Knows How to Entertain the Little Ones.

HIRING OUT JANET'S DOLLY.

A Story Portraying the True Nature of Little Girls—Other Good Reading.

Grandmothers.

Grandmothers are very nice folks,
They beat all the aunts in creation;
They let a chap do what he likes,
And don't worry about education.

I am sure I can't see it at all,
What a poor fellow ever could do
For apples and pennies and cakes,
Without a grandmother or two.

And if he is bad now and then,
And makes a great racketing noise,
They only look over their specs
And say, "Ah, boys will be boys!"

"Life is only short at the best;
Let the children be happy to-day."
Then they look for awhile at the sky,
And the hills that are far, far away.

Quite often as twilight comes on,
Grandmothers sing hymns very low
To themselves, as they rock by the fire,
About Heaven, and where they shall go.

And then a boy, stopping to think,
Will find a hot tear in his eye,
To know what will come at the last—
For grandmothers all have to die.

I wish they could stay here and pray,
For a boy needs their prayers every night—
Some boys more than others, I s'pose—
Such as I need a wonderful sight.

—Southern Churchman.

Hiring Out Tabitha.

Up in little Janet's grandmother's garret, over in the corner by the quilting-frame, stood an old-fashioned wooden bed-wrench leaning against a beam.

It was about twelve inches high, and had two round arms stretching straight out each side. It stood on two stiff feet, and when Janet came in sight of it, it struck her that it looked tired and despirited, as if it never had good times.

"You poor thing!" she exclaimed, "how lonesome you look! I do believe you are a sort of dolly. Maybe you were grandma's doll when she was little, and you've been here every since. I mean to play with you myself!"

So she lifted the queer wooden shape up tenderly, dusted it off, hugged it a little, and then began to think about dressing it.

There were plenty of pieces of calico in grandma's rag-bag, and little Janet was learning to use scissors and needle, so there was no reason why she should not go to work at once.

She ran for her little basket, and coming back sat down by the garret window, where a dusty sunbeam slanted over her shoulder.

There she cut and fitted, and with long uneven stitches sewed her work, till before long her wooden doll was clothed with a white petticoat and a green calico dress.

"Oh, how nice you do look!" said Janet, rapturously. "To-morrow I'll make an apron!"

Then, finding a stub of a lead pencil in her pocket, she laboriously marked eyes, nose, and mouth, on the side she had chosen for the face.

"Now I'll make you a house," said Janet, "up here in the corner by the big clock, and it shall be my secret play-house. And I'll name you a real old-fashioned name, dolly, I'll name you Tabitha, after grandma!"

So she found an old stool for a table, and arranged a little room for Tabitha, who now stood very straight and proud in her finery, with quite an expression on her face.

"Oh, you darling Tabitha!" exclaimed Janet. "I do really love you, you are so nice! I'll come up here every day to play with you, and bring cookies and apples, and have a tea-table!"

Tabitha looked very smiling, and when she was laid to rest on a soft-folded shawl in a box, certainly appeared quite different from the forlorn, awkward creature of a few hours before.

And now she became little Janet's most cherished pet and friend. She had a checked apron made, and a woolen bonnet, and was assisted to walk about on the garret floor.

It was she who was told when Janet discovered where grandma kept the raisins; and it was she, Tabitha herself, who was allowed to stand at the garret window and watch the neighbors come up the path when grandma had the sewing-society.

It was Tabitha alone who was told when Janet found where the cat had hid her kittens, in the waste-paper barrel, and when a few days later two of the kittens were missing, and the hired boy Jim was seen coming from the direction of the river, it was Tabitha that Janet rushed for sympathy in her first burst of childish grief.

But Janet had never taken Tabitha down-stairs. She was her secret treasure in her secret play-house, and though grandma and the aunts knew that the little girl played up garret a good deal, they were too busy to be curious about her quiet amusement.

At last, however, it was house-cleaning time, and beds were taken down, windows washed, and carpets shaken. Janet was sitting in the kitchen with her spelling-book, when grandma called out:—

"I'm ready to tighten my bed-cord. Where's the bed-wrench? Janet, run up garret and bring the bed-wrench!"

Janet ran up garret willingly, but as she did not know what a bed-wrench was, her search was a hopeless one from the beginning, and she went down without it.

"Don't know a bed-wrench when you see it!" exclaimed Aunt Sue, impatiently, and she went after it herself.

But she was gone so long that grandma grew tired waiting, and sent Uncle Silas to hurry her.

Uncle Silas was a young uncle, not more than sixteen, and when he reached the garret where Aunt Sue was moving things about, his black eyes soon caught sight of Tabitha, standing smiling by the tall old clock.

"Ha!" he exclaimed. "Those arms! that head! I have seen them before. O Sue, Sue, don't you know a bed-wrench when you see it?"

He caught Tabitha up, and taking her down-stairs, whirled her triumphantly in the air.

"Here's your bed-wrench, mother, dressed for a party!" he said, merrily. "Well, I never!" exclaimed grandma.

"Do take off all that trash!" But Janet had heard, Janet had turned around, and she sprang forward, catching Uncle Silas' arm.

"It's my own dolly!" she cried. "It's Tabitha. Don't hurt her, Uncle Silas, don't touch her clothes!"

"Well, there now!" said grandma.

Uncle Silas was a tease, but not an unmerciful one, and he knew how to steer his way among difficulties.

"Your Tabitha seems like a very strong person," he said to Janet. "Suppose you hire her out to do this job for us. I'll pay her a penny for wages."

"Well," said Janet, slowly, "only be careful, and don't tear her dress."

So Tabitha's strong arms turned about till the work was done, and then with a long sigh of relief Janet received her in her own arms again, and took the penny.

"I'll buy you and me a stick of peppermint," she whispered to her pet as she took her up-stairs, and Tabitha smiled serenely.

She had not minded her hard job at all, and resumed her place by the clock as if nothing had happened.—*Mary L. Bolles Branch, in Youth's Companion.*

Juvenile Wit.

"Where does the quail belong?" "On toast!" shouted the small boy at the foot of the class.

One day in a burst of enthusiasm a little boy of our acquaintance cried, "Mamma, I love you! I love you more than I can!"

"What is a lake?" asked the teacher. A bright little Irish boy raised his hand. "Well, Mikey, what is it?" "Sure it's a hole in the kittle, mum."

Mile. Andre is 3 years old; she is playing with her doll, and in her talk with it she calls herself a lady. "You a lady?" says one of the friends present, purposely to bother her. "Certainly I am a lady. I already thrash my little one!"

The soldiers who guard the armory in a well-known city seemed to Walter about as wooden as the patriarch's family in a 25-cent ark, and it is not strange that the little boy should have exclaimed, "I'd rather be a man than a soldier!"

Little Walter had been sometime ailing, and his mother one morning exclaimed, "Why, Walter, (pronouncing with emphasis his full name), 'you are getting to look too white for any girl!' 'That's cause you wash me so much,' confidently asserted the child.

A teacher in one of the smallest district schools in the smallest State in the Union once proved that it may be embarrassing to use one's own self as an illustration. She was hearing a class in spelling and defining words. The word "orphan" had been correctly spelled, but none of the class seemed to know its meaning. After asking one or two of them she said, encouragingly: "Now, try again. I am an orphan. Now, can't some of you guess what it means?" The blank look upon their faces remained, until one of the duller scholars raised his hand and said, with no intention of being saucy: "It's some one who wants to get married and can't."

EVERY man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.

UP WITH THE DENTIST.

Lively Impressions Attending the First Use of Gas.

With eleven teeth had I parted without the aid of anesthetics. Unconditionally I surrendered them to the dentist, who was willing to receive them for a consideration. A twelfth must go. As I took the chair of torture, I remarked that it was a four-footed molar, and would hurt.

"Take gas," suggested the dentist. "What is gas?"

"Nitrogen monoxide—the best anesthetic known. It is harmless, and serves well."

"I'll take it; give me enough."

The dentist brought forth a rubber bag, the wooden muzzle of which he thrust into my mouth.

With a bound I sprang into the air. I attempted to fasten my hold upon something, but everything gave way—even a giant elm came up by the roots. I realized that I had but a few moments to live. All my friends—I saw every one—were watching me. My deeds, good and bad, filed past me. I will not say which formed the longest procession. A man to whom I had given a pewter quarter asked me how I liked it, and said he knew I would come to it.

Now I was going upward, and when I had reached a great height I swooped down like a bird of prey and dashed through a wall of solid masonry—just 100 feet thick by actual measurement. A dozen times I soared aloft, and as many times I sailed down. When I descended all the stone fences, cobbles, boulders and trees ran to meet me. I hit them all. Now I was ascending again, but in a different manner. A balloon miles in circumference was bearing me upward. I clung to its lower part with my teeth. My hands were in my pockets, for the air was chilly. Above me was the balloon car, and out of it leaned a man resembling the dentist. In his hand he held an immense pair of tongs. He regarded me with evident displeasure.

We were rising at a fearful rate of speed—so fast, indeed, that I could not shut my eyes. The wind blew the lids open and held them back. At last the man in the car said, "Now I'll pull that tooth; you must cling with your nose while I pull." I obeyed, knowing that I was in his power. The tooth came out on the end of the tongs, and was placed in the car. Soon after I heard a tumult in the car above. The dentist appeared and shook his clenched hand at me and shouted: "Confound your old tooth! It is growing so fast that it will crowd me out. Pretty fellow you are to shed such a monstrous molar!" I thought this was very unkind. I had not asked him to pull the tooth, and how could I be responsible for its size?

Again the dentist appeared, and cried in great wrath: "I shall throw it on board—lookout!" It did not hit me. I saw as it whizzed by that it was many times larger than the Capitol building at Washington. I hoped that none of my friends were standing where it would fall upon the earth. We were now near the sun, and approaching nearer at lightning speed. The dentist sat on the edge of the car, dangled his legs and smoked. He had the impudence to ask me why I did not smoke. It was so warm from proximity to the sun that I decided to go no further. I relinquished my hold and shouted: "Good-by, old jawbreaker!" Quick as thought, insulted, indignant, the dentist rushed for his tongs. "I'll pull them all," he said, and as I felt the tongs lengthened and gave chase, but could not overtake me.

After falling all day and night, I came near the earth early in the morning. As I flew downward, a gilded weathercock on a church steeple crowed. I considered this offensive, and by some unknown agency arrested my flight, and went back to the weathercock and demanded to know what he meant by it. He crowed the louder. This was too great an insult. I blew at him, when, presto, he began to crow louder, and to grow larger. I was on the earth now, fleeing from a monster cock. The church and steeple were still attached to him, but he had become so much larger that they were no impediment. I remonstrated with him, but his only reply was a blow from the foot that held the church and steeple. He was on the point of dancing a hornpipe on my stomach, when I emerged into a new world in time to hear the dentist say: "There it is!" at the same time holding up a tooth; "Did you know when I pulled it?" "Yes, I saw you and your tongs pulling, but I felt it not. You were a great while about it. How long have I been here?" The dentist consulted his timepiece. "One minute and twenty seconds."—*Every Other Saturday.*

MRS. PARTINGTON says that since the invention of the needle-gun there is no reason why the women shouldn't fight as well as the men.

THE STAGE.

Gossip About Theaters, Plays, Operas, Tragedians, and Comedians.

ACTORS' PAY IN GARRICK'S TIME

Opera Singers and Their Bouquets—Pedigrees of Noted Professionals—Shakespeare Gaining.

Shakespeare Gaining.

The Shakspearian dramatic season of 1884-1885, says Shakspeariana, has been, in many respects, the most notable one we have had for years. It has been, on the whole, successful both financially and artistically. And this is to be especially noted since the general theatrical outlook has been bad. The season has been marked, first of all, by the gradual growth both in strength and power in the lesser actors and actresses. The partial eclipse of Frederick Warde put him under a cloud for a time, though he ends his season with a much better position than he had when he began it. Miss Margaret Mather has had an unusually successful season, and she is now one of our rising actresses, and bids fair to become one of our most important ones. Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Keene have also substantial reasons for being satisfied with this year's work. It is a peculiar feature of this season that the most noticeable improvements in artistic methods have been among the lesser actors rather than among those of the first rank. Mr. Lawrence Barrett and Mr. Edwin Booth do not, it is true, show any diminution of their power, but there has not been that increase of strength, that brading of style, and that perfection of detail that one might have expected from so eminent artists. In other words, the close of the season finds them in precisely the same position they were in at the beginning. Mr. Barrett has, however, given even more attention to the details of his representations than he has done heretofore, and for the beauty of scenery, and for the completeness of detail, has no superior among his Shakspearian brethren on the American stage. Mr. Booth's season has been unusually brilliant, but has been chiefly remarkable for his personations of non-Shakspearian parts, several of which he presented for the first time for years.

One Actor Who Never Swears.

"No," said a young actor who had been talking to a little group of companions and using a good many oaths in his conversation, "no, all the people who play are not profane. At least I know one actor who doesn't swear. He is George C. Miln, the ex-preacher. I played third witch in 'Macbeth' in his company in St. Paul. Burleigh played 'Macbeth,' and Miln played 'Macduff.' 'When we witches went in the caldron scene we were fixed up in first-class style, and we did the whole business as nicely as three witches ever did. But when it came time for the caldron to sink into the earth the trap door stuck fast, and the old soap kettle tipped over sideways and spilled all torpedoes and green fire and things over the floor. The stage got into a blaze, somebody shouted 'Fire!' and the audience began to get frightened. Burleigh stood in the wings swearing like a trooper, but Miln just stood around looking mad and saying, 'O, dear!'"

"I got to laughing, and so did the other witches. Somebody turned on the gas and showed the whole thing to the audience. The audience yelled with laughter, and Burleigh swore worse than ever, but Miln didn't do any swearing."

"Then another time in Kansas City: I was playing the 'Secretary' to Miln's 'Richelieu.' I dressed for the part in a hurry, and didn't take time to put on stage shoes. I had on a long robe, and thought I was all right. So I advanced to the front of the stage, struck an attitude and began to look as picturesque as I could. 'Richelieu' was in the middle of a long speech when some one in the gallery cried out:

"Get on to his knobs in the light-topped shoes!" That broke the audience up and spoiled the speech. But Miln didn't swear any—he only looked mad. Any other actor would have sworn under his breath for five minutes."—*Baltimore Times*.

Their Pedigrees.

Mme. Materna is the daughter of a poor pedagogue in Styria; Christine Nilsson was a ragged street singer;

Jenny Lind was a peasant child; Campanini was a servant; Brignoli was a cook; Nicolini attended a bar. Had not Rossini given Altom instruction, the first half of the century might have lacked a great contralto. Her successors—Cary, Emily Winant, and Hope Glenn—are simply poor girls, whose nobility is in true hearts, and not in coronets. The Rach family, illustrious musicians for 200 years, were always so poor that they had to take lessons from each other. Balfe was the son of an Irish cottager. Beethoven's mother was a cook's daughter. Haydn's father was a wheelwright. Gungl, who has written the most delicious dance music, learned to sing while his father wove stockings. Lucca is a peasant's daughter. Paganini was born and bred in want. Schumann's childhood was spent in a print-shop. The father of Liszt had a petty government office. Wagner's father was a police court dogberry. The only representative of royalty who attained a respectable place in music was a woman, the Princess Ameha, sister of Frederick the Great.—*Under the Clock*.

Actors' Pay in Garrick's Time.

A glance at the treasury books of the Drury Lane Theatre in Garrick's time will afford a curious contrast to theatrical expenditure at the present day. From the "Play List of 1765," long preserved among the library treasures of Charles Kemble, and afterward falling into the possession of his daughter, Fanny Kemble, it would seem that the nightly expenses of Drury Lane 120 years ago were £69 11s. 6d., being £417 9s. per week. David Garrick claimed the modest weekly salary of £16 13s.; Yates and his wife, leading performers at that period, had £20 a week between them; King, the original Sir Peter Teazle, had £8 a week; Mrs. Cibber, £15; Mrs. Pritchard, £14; and the famous Kitty Clive, £10 1s. At Drury Lane, last Christmas, each representation of the pantomime involved an expenditure which would have gone far to have defrayed David Garrick's expenses in paying his numerous company of histrionic celebrities for the entire week.

Opera Singers and Their Bouquets.

The public has a foolish impression that comic opera singers care a great deal for the flowers that represent to them so many heart conquests, and that they carry them home to crush them between the leaves of blue and gold volumes of poetry, or save the prettiest of them for days and days, while the last breath of sweetness lasts, to ornament their tables or set off the handsome vases, which they fondly imagine are to be found upon their carved mantles. This is not so, though. They carry them away from the theater, it is true, and they do so that other singers may not be able to sport them as trophies of triumphs they have never won, but when a convenient side alley is reached or a garbage barrel is met en route home, the flowers are quickly dumped, for singers' husbands and friends are glad to be rid of their loads, and the two latter classes, particularly, do not see "what good the things are, anyhow."—*Post-Dispatch*.

Stage Gossip.

Emma Abbott has added "Lakme" and "The Countess D'Amali" to her repertoire.

Lotta will have twenty-four people in her company this season. Ben Crane is re-engaged as advance agent.

Edwin Booth lives in a sumptuous Queen Anne cottage on one of the least fashionable, but most beautiful, streets in Newport. Mr. Booth is very hospitable.

Gen. Grant liked the theater, and was fonder of comedy than tragedy. He said once: "We can always find something to cry at, but we must often hunt a laugh."

Marie Wilson, a charming lady of Grand Rapids, Michigan, who has already won great fame as a public reader, has recently been studying hard for the stage, and is at present in Chicago on business looking toward a professional engagement. All who have heard the young lady promise that a capable, pleasing actress will walk down to the footlights the night of Miss Wilson's first appearance.—*Chicago Herald*.

The 20-year-old son of a wealthy real estate dealer of Washington has run away from home because his father whipped him for visiting the theater. The detectives are looking for the youth, and when they find him and bring him home, his father cannot punish him more severely, if he is a boy of sound mind, than by taking him to the theater every night during the season. It will be a little rough on the parent, though, inasmuch as there are said to be sixty-seven new society and variety "dramas" in preparation for the road, in addition to the large number left over from last year.

WOMEN.

A Budget of Interesting Gossip Relating to the Tender Sex.

THE WELL-DRESSED WOMAN.

Story of How One Woman Made Her Way in the World—Daughters of Israel.

Comedy in Courtship.

Watch each other through the room,
Hate the daylight, love the gloom,
Give the bonbon men a boom:
Just engaged.

Speak of "angels without wings,"
Watch the style of wedding rings,
Do a thousand foolish things:
Just engaged.

Fawns around her brother Mike,
Brings her "dreams" by Marvel Ike—
He's engaged.

Leaves off smoke and beer from date,
Goes to church to sit with Kate,
Puts two dollars in the plate:
He's engaged.

Hasten on her friends to call,
Blithe and gay renounces all
Schemes for keeping "Old Maids' Hall":
She's engaged.

Chooses bridesmaids ten or eight,
Loads them with an honor great—
Buying gowns to deck her fete:
She's engaged.

Go to plays and opera,
Sings the "gobble" and "baa,"
Have a fight about "Rochat":
Disengaged.

Maiden weeps the long night through,
Lover's beautifully blue,
Life's tragedy to two:
Not engaged.

Deep the chasm 'twixt the twain,
Morning—has it come in vain?
But to rouse despair again?
Not engaged.

Hark! a ringing at the door,
And the voice, "Miss Kittie Moore!"
Kisses bridge the chasm o'er:
Re-engaged.

—Life.

Sample Female.

Husband (reading from Scott)—"Not one in twenty marries the first love. How was it in your case, my dear?"

Wife—"How was it in your case?"

Husband—"You must make the first confession—don't answer like a parrot by asking me the same question."

Wife—"Well, here's the honest truth. If you married your first love, I married my first. If you didn't, I didn't."

Made It Out of Oil.

"And so you are comfortably fixed now?" pleasantly remarked one lady to another.

"Oh, yes; we own our home, and are getting along very well," replied the other.

"How did your husband make his money?" was asked.

"Out of oil," the reply.

"Oh, boring for it?"

"No, ma'am."

"Buying oil land?"

"No, ma'am."

"Speculating?"

"Oh, no."

"How did he make his money out of it then?"

"By keeping out of it.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle*.

The Well-Dressed Woman.

The well-dressed woman again knows not only what to wear, but when to wear it. In the summer forenoon you will see her in the simplest of cottons, a dress absolutely plain and without ornament, without laces, fringes, decoration of any kind. In the winter at the same time of day she is plainly dressed in cloth. Later in the day she changes to smarter clothes for more ceremonious duties, visits, afternoon parties and teas—velvets and silks combined in winter, in summer rich gauzes and costly laces. In the evening, for dinner or ball, the most choice and splendid master-pieces of the dress-makers' art are reserved, the richest stuff set off with the most elaborate embroideries and the rarest jewels. But, withal, even in this, the last gorgeous stage into which the modern chrysalis has developed, ostentatious display is scrupulously avoided.—*American Queen*.

How One Woman Made Her Way in the World.

A journalist recently told the following story to show how at least one woman succeeded:

The war had begun. Troops were being hurried forward to Washington in response to Mr. Lincoln's proclamation for 75,000 men.

I sat in my brother's office (a practicing lawyer in Philadelphia), and watched with absorbing interest the animated scene in Independence Square, where, to the shrill squeak of the life and the soul-inspiring roll of the drum, drilling of raw recruits for the front was going on all day long. My passage was engaged for the Pacific coast, where duty called me, and in the bustle and confusion I was trying to remember if I had neglected any needed preparations for a long absence from home and friends when, in response to

a faint knock at the door, I called "Come in." The door opened, revealing a lady of perhaps 22 years, somewhat shabbily dressed, but with a face and manner so exceedingly sweet and prepossessing that I rose at once and invited her to be seated. She declined the proffered civility with a slight negative movement, and inquired if Mr. B. was in. Thinking she meant my brother, one of whose poor clients I supposed her to be, I said at once. No, he was out of town for the day. "It is Mr. Charles B. I want to see." "I am then the person, madam," said I, with which she handed me a line from an old newspaper friend in Boston, which read thus:

DEAR B.: The bearer fancies she has the necessary qualities to make her a successful writer on the daily press. Give her a show if you can, and charge to the account of yours. E. A. G.

I believe I have intimated she was pretty, but just how pretty I had yet to discover. She was not only blessed with a most agreeable regularity of features, fine eyes, and handsome form, but she had, in addition, that greater charm which is found in expression.

Her story was a brief one. Being in one of the larger towns in Virginia, she had at 18 married a planter's son in the neighborhood. He was affectionate and convivial. After two years of married life he was brought home to her one night dead, having been thrown from his horse, breaking his neck. An examination of his financial affairs soon proved their joint property was so far dissipated as to afford but a slender income for herself and little one, a child now in her second year. The necessity of supporting herself was thus suddenly imposed upon her. The neighborhood in which she lived offered no opportunity whatever. In her pride and grief she fancied a certain degree of shame attached itself to herself and child on account of the disgraceful nature of her husband's death, and she was anxious to leave the scene of so much sorrow. While in her teens she had written several short articles and poems that had been accepted and printed. This remembrance gave direction to her thoughts. Without consulting anyone she had quietly disposed of such personal property as was left her, and, taking her child and the proceeds of the sale, made her way to Boston as the center of literary taste and culture. Boston, after months of faithful effort, proved hopeless. Some friend then suggested Philadelphia, and to this I was indebted for my present call.

There was something so strikingly honest in the woman's effort that I determined to use the little time remaining to me in seeking a newspaper friend and begging his interest in her behalf. There was the usual plea, "he was overwhelmed with applications," but in view of my interest in her he would overlook anything she might present, and, if it was possible, help her. She immediately prepared an article for his acceptance, which he confessed had more merit than he anticipated, and he was inclined "to give her a chance." Desiring to suggest a subject which would exercise her descriptive ability, I secured a permit for her to visit the penitentiary, the account of which was so graphic and interesting it was most favorably received and commented upon. Commencing here, with about \$7 per week, and from another source I think \$3, she seemed as proud and happy as if she had mounted far on the ladder of fame. At this time I left Philadelphia, and was absent somewhat over two years. On my return I went one evening to the then fashionable entertainment, the skating-rink, and about the first person I came in violent collision with was a lady who exclaimed: "O! Mr. B.—, don't you remember me?" I could hardly recognize in the beautifully dressed, animated, happy little woman before me the sad-eyed applicant for my interest two years before. We lost no time in disposing of our skates, and next placed ourselves into a comfortable place for a good chat. Of course she gave me in detail the result of her work, which was more successful than her most sanguine friends could have possibly conceived for her. Briefly I will tell its most marked result. She wrote for different papers always most acceptably; when on one, a prominent evening journal, she soon formed responsible and confidential relations. She was devoted to her work, her sound judgment and quick, bright intellect becoming so valuable to the administration of the paper that when, just before my arrival, there was a change in its ownership, she took control of certain departments with a half-interest, and I found her in the zenith of her prosperity. It is now only left to record that she in a weak moment was persuaded to respond to the auctioneer's overtures of a good and wealthy man whom she finally married, but, as might have been expected, she immediately died.

A CHECK of brass gives the most sound

OUR FIGHTING FORCE.

It Exceeds that of Any Nation in Modern Times.

In the four years that followed the uprising of the South, the people of the North furnished to the armies of the Union nearly 3,000,000 of men; and the South gave to the armies of the Confederacy over 1,000,000 more. From less than 32,000,000 of inhabitants, and within the space of four years, 4,000,000 of men were under arms in that terrible conflict. Contemplate the fact that one in every eight of our entire population, or one in every four of our male population, was actually engaged in that contest, and you get some idea of the terrible drain that the war was on the flesh and blood of our countrymen. In the entire military history of the world there is nothing to be compared to that martial enthusiasm of our countrymen. The celebrated uprising of the French people in 1793, and that of nearly a century later in their war with Germany, sink into insignificance when compared with the tide that moved southward and northward to join the armies of the Union and Confederacy. It is the boast of Germany, the greatest military nation of modern times, that with a population of 41,000,000, she can in time of war furnish an army of 1,250,000 men; but in the war of the rebellion the North, with a population of only 23,000,000, had in actual service, at the close of that contest, more than a 1,000,000 men. The hero of Appomattox, during the campaigns of 1864 and '65, commanded more soldiers than any other General since the fall of the Roman Empire. We are accustomed to think of Waterloo as the greatest battle of modern times, but in six engagements of the war of the rebellion the loss upon one side or the other was greater than that of Wellington and the allied forces at Waterloo. The loss of the Union army in the battle of the Wilderness nearly equalled the entire loss of both armies on the field of Waterloo. No battle has ever been fought in the continent of Europe with greater determination or with as much loss as that of Gettysburg. But the sacrifice of blood only kept pace with that of treasure. Our war expenses during the last year of the rebellion exceeded \$1,000,000,000. The expenses of the great wars between France and England during the career of Napoleon and the French revolution bore no comparison to that of our war. The greatest sum of money expended during a single year was by Great Britain, in 1815, when it amounted to \$131,000,000, or less than two-thirds of the expenditure of the North during the year ending in 1865. * * * For half a century Waterloo had stood in history, song and story, without a parallel. It was reserved to the descendants of the men who fought under the Duke in that famous engagement to convince the world that courage and tenacity had not degenerated since the days of Waterloo. Gettysburg may fairly be said to be the greatest battle of modern times. The numbers engaged exceeded those of Waterloo; the duration of the battle longer, and the loss greater. More than one-third of the Union army, and nearly one-half the Confederate, were killed, wounded or missing in that engagement. The famous charge by Pickett on the third day, and its subsequent repulse, will live for all time in military history. The famous "Old Guard," veterans in the service of France, victors on many a hard-fought field, possessing the courage and spirit peculiar to their nation and race, wavered before the first volley from the English batteries at Waterloo, and at the second fell back in confusion. But Pickett's division at Gettysburg, with less men than composed the "Old Guard," advanced a mile under the galling fire of our batteries, its lines unbroken, the living stepping into the place of the dead, and engaged our forces in a hand-to-hand fight for the possession of Cemetery Ridge.—*S. L. Powers*.

WHAT THEY FIRED THE STEAK IN.

My editor and I started to walk to St. Albans with a valued friend, who was by profession a pedestrian and a piano-forte tuner. Midway we put up at a snug hostelry, and ordered, for the comfort of the inner man, a dish of rump steaks. While this was being prepared we sat in pleasant conversation, which was interrupted by a peculiar hissing and fizzing sound that unmistakably came from the kitchen. "Why, hang me," suddenly exclaimed Pendergast, with his hair almost on end with horror, "hang me, if they're not frying it!"—"the 'it,' of course, having reference to the steak. Our lamented friend thereupon drew from his pocket a tuning fork, struck it upon the table, and quietly remarked, as he applied it to his ear: "Yes, and hang me if they're not frying it in 'G!'—*London Referee*.

When the cashier of a bank broke the institution by running away with all the funds, the directors placarded the door, "No cash 'ere."

DIXON CHURCH DIRECTORY.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

W. E. PARKER, PASTOR.

Located on Second street, between Galena and Iowa.

SERVICES:

Morning, at 10:45
 Sunday School, 12:30
 Young People's meeting Tuesday eve., 7:30
 People's Sunday Prayer meeting, 8:00
 Prayer meeting Wednesday evening, 7:30

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Located on Peoria street, between Second and Third.

Class meeting Sunday morning, 10:00
 Public services, 10:45
 Sunday School, 12:30
 Young People's meeting Tuesday eve., 7:30
 Everybody's meeting Sunday eve., 8:00
 Preaching Sunday evening, 7:30

CATHOLIC CHURCH.

REV. FATHER GRAY, PRIEST.

Located corner Seventh and Market streets.
 Morning services, 8:30
 Evening, 7:00
 Sunday School, 10:00
 Young People's meeting Tuesday eve., 7:30
 Everybody's meeting Sunday eve., 8:00
 Preaching Sunday evening, 7:30

EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

REV. JOHN WILKINSON, PRIEST.

Located corner Third and Peoria streets.
 Morning services, 11:00
 Evening, 7:00
 Sunday School, 10:00
 Young People's meeting Tuesday eve., 7:30
 Everybody's meeting Sunday eve., 8:00
 Preaching Sunday evening, 7:30

LUTHERAN CHURCH.

REV. L. L. LITTE, PASTOR.

Located corner Second and Hennepin streets.
 Morning, 10:45
 Sunday School, 12:30
 Evening services, 7:00
 Prayer meeting Wednesday evening, 7:30

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

M. C. SICKLES, PASTOR.

Located on Second street, between Galena and Iowa.
 Morning services, 10:45
 Evening, 7:00
 Sunday School, 12:30
 Young People's meeting Tuesday eve., 7:30
 Everybody's meeting Sunday eve., 8:00
 Preaching Sunday evening, 7:30

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

REV. L. M. ANDERSON, PASTOR.

Located on Second street, between Galena and Iowa.
 Morning services, 10:45
 Evening, 7:00
 Sunday School, 12:30
 Young People's meeting Tuesday eve., 7:30
 Everybody's meeting Sunday eve., 8:00
 Preaching Sunday evening, 7:30

A SECOND FAILURE.

THE PURITAN AND GENESTA WILL HAVE TO TRY IT AGAIN.

The Race Not Made in the Prescribed Time of Seven Hours—A Light Wind the Trouble—Full Details of the Attempt.

New York, Sept. 12.—There was a stiff breeze from the northeast Friday morning when the racing committee of the New York Yacht club and others who were privileged, boarded the tug Luckenbach. Everything looked like a race. A heavy choppy sea made some of the land-lubbers quail for fear of sea-sickness. And there was a good deal of that on board the numerous excursion boats and tugs. The Luckenbach started down the bay at 8:15. She stopped at Tompkinsville to take aboard Mr. Louis Bayard of the regatta committee and one or two other gentlemen.

As she left the dock there the Puritan was seen under way heading for the starting point. The Genesta too was sailing in the same direction with two jibs and mainsail set. The Luckenbach hauled up alongside of her and exchanged a number of passengers. At 9:07 she took the Genesta in tow. There was not much need, however. The towline was slack almost all the time. In the splendid breeze the Genesta went along as fast as the tug, and shortly she began to do so well that off the Roman beacon the aid of the tug was deemed unnecessary and hawser the was cast off. The Genesta made preparations to set her working topsail. Further down the bay the Puritan hurried along under jib, staysail and mainsail. The Luckenbach ran up alongside the tug Scandinavia, which carried the turning raft, and gave her instructions about where to anchor it. The wind was strong from the east, and in the choppy sea the yachts and small craft which crowded the Horseshoe bobbed up and down prettily and serenely.

At 11:03, off Sandy Hook point, Capt. Joe Ellsworth and Messrs. Forbes and Burgess, who went down the bay on the Luckenbach, were out aboard the Puritan. The tug headed for the lights and people became expectant. She anchored about one-fourth of a mile east of the lightship, and at 11:45 signaled the two yachts, which were bearing away to sea to get ready, and they put about and came back to the starting line.

The course was to be east by north. The two yachts rounded up for the start as the preparatory signal was blown at 11:50. They crossed the imaginary line between the judges boat and the lightship on the port tack, the Puritan at 11:53:41 and the Genesta at 11:53:48, the Puritan to the windward. They were about one-eighth of a mile apart. The Puritan passed along close to the tugs. She heeled over and all that could be seen of her crew was their heads.

The Genesta's new bowsprit dipped into the water in the heavy sea, but she danced along like a thing of life. The sloop's tactics were much the same as Monday. She worked to windward well but did not leave her rival as far behind as the enthusiastic yachtsmen wanted her to. They saw the Englishman not only holding their idol, but gaining a little, and for a time, on this tack, there was less hilarity and cheering and boating.

At 12:40 the Genesta went about and crossed to the windward of the Puritan and having secured this coveted position she returned to the port tack. The Puritan kept straight ahead, pointing close up to the wind, and, although the Englishman was ahead and apparently gaining, the admirers of the Bostonian never lost faith in her. They prayed for more wind, but in vain. The breeze was seen to be slackening.

though the Puritan had more of it than the Genesta.

At 1:10 the Genesta went about on the long port tack heading about southeast. Twenty seconds later the Puritan followed. The Genesta took in her working topsail and set her club-top-sail, and the Puritan did the same thing an instant afterward. The Puritan was on the lee bow of the Genesta and about a mile ahead. She had more wind than the other fellow, and she gladdened the hearts of her supporters by the way she plunged ahead. This was a long stretch, and the Puritan did nobly. But the wind was dying out, and her speediness was to avail her little. It became apparent that there was to be another day lost.

The yachts made several stretches, and at 5:24 the Puritan went about and headed for the turning raft. The Genesta was then about two miles in the rear. The wind died out completely, and Mr. Toms told the captain of the tug to go close to the Scandinavia. Then he shouted through the trumpet to Mr. Oelson that when the flag on the Luckenbach was lowered it would mean that there was no race; and he directed the Scandinavia to take the Puritan in tow.

There were a number of excursion boats and steam yachts around the raft. Their passengers cheered lustily and whistles were blown and guns fired when at 5:37:56 the Puritan rounded the raft. She ran out her spanker boom and squared away for home. Five minutes later the flag on the Luckenbach was lowered and the Scandinavia ran up to the Puritan and threw her a line. The Genesta did not turn the raft. Her captain saw there could be no race with such an ungrateful wind and put about. The Luckenbach ran alongside of her. Mr. Richard Sutton shouted to Mr. Toms that it was too bad and he hoped for better luck the next time. A long hawser was thrown out and the Luckenbach started for Sandy Hook with the Genesta in tow. Both yachts anchored in Horse Shoe bay.

Another attempt to make twenty miles to windward and return will be made Saturday.

SANDY HOOK, N. J., Sept. 12.—The Horseshoe at night was the rendezvous of a large number of sailing and steam yachts whose lights illuminate it in all directions. The captain of the Sea Foam, a large schooner-yacht, said that while the Genesta sailed better than the Puritan on the starboard tack, the latter did better than the Genesta on the port. Neither, however, did remarkably well. He also said that the Puritan was the faster boat under all circumstances.

The Genesta's people who were found on board of the English boat at anchor near the Sea Foam, said that the Puritan was about a quarter of a mile ahead when they saw it was useless to attempt to round the buoy.

The Diamond.

CHICAGO, Sept. 12.—The following games of base ball were played Friday: At St. Louis—Chicago 8, St. Louis 0; at New York—New York 9, Providence 1; at Buffalo—Buffalo 3, Detroit 1; at Baltimore—St. Louis 7, Baltimore 5; at Brooklyn—Brooklyn 3, Pittsburgh 0; at Philadelphia—Athletics 10, Cincinnati 8; at Portland, Me.—Philadelphia 5, Portland 1.

His Troubles Ended.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Sept. 12.—J. M. Ivy, of Rock Hall, S. C., who a few days ago assigned to Williams, Black & Co., of New York for \$350,000, died at his home Friday.

Thirty Girls in Hysterics.

BOSTON, Sept. 12.—At the American Rubber Works in Cambridge Friday one of the girls suddenly began to laugh loudly, act strangely and then fainted. Several others dropped on the floor, and before physicians could be summoned more than thirty employees were unconscious or in hysterics. It appeared that naphtha fumes had affected them much the same as laughing gas would, and they were taken home in carriages. An unusual quantity of naphtha was used Friday.

The Apaches Again.

SANTA FE, N. M., Sept. 12.—Nine Apache bucks and eleven squaws passed northward near Hillsboro Thursday on their way toward the San Carlos reservation. Near Lake Valley they stole sixteen horses and killed the owner who attempted to prevent the capture of the animals. A portion of the Eighth cavalry is following the band closely with good prospects of overhauling them. No other murders have been reported.

Will Not Reopen the Accounts.

WASHINGTON CITY, Sept. 12.—The second comptroller of the treasury has declined to reopen the accounts of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad company for transportation of troops, etc., during the war. Attorneys for the railroad claim that owing to the exposure to danger it should have been allowed full rates. The comptroller decides that there is no complaint of errors and no reason for reopening the accounts.

Reports from the Cholera.

WASHINGTON CITY, Sept. 12.—Secretary Bayard was informed Friday by cable that the cholera is increasing in Palermo and Sicily generally.

TOULON, Sept. 12.—There were three deaths from cholera here Friday.

LONDON, Sept. 12.—The lord mayor of London has opened a relief fund for the suffering people of the cholera infected districts of Spain.

Small-Pox in Troy, N. Y.

TROY, N. Y., Sept. 12.—Two cases of small-pox were detected at the depot in this city Friday morning. They were removed to the pest-house. There are no other known cases in Troy. Quite a panic was caused among the passengers when the announcement was made, and they precipitately fled from the depot.

Iowa's State Fair Stopped by Rain.

DES MOINES, Iowa, Sept. 12.—Owing to the bad weather which has prevailed here all the week, and which set in Friday with redoubled vigor, the board of directors of the Iowa state fair declared the exhibition closed at noon Friday. The receipts have fallen a little short of expenses, but everything will be settled in full.

To Be Placed on the Retired List.

WASHINGTON CITY, Sept. 12.—Inspector General Nelson H. Davis will be placed on the retired list on the 30th inst.; his successor, it is understood, will be either Gen. Roger Jones or Gen. A. Baird. The former is the senior officer, but the latter is said to have the more brilliant record and stronger temperament.

Lowered His Record.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Sept. 12.—At Hamilton park Friday Phil Thompson lowered his 1-year-old record of 2:23, trotting in 2:20 1/4, which is the fastest mile ever trotted on the track by 7 1/2 seconds.

Significant at the Promotion.

LONDON, Sept. 12.—There is a chorus of indignation from the service papers over the appointment of Prince Louis of Battenberg as a commander in the British navy. In the naval clubs there are outspoken criticisms of this promotion of a "foreign land-lubber" over the heads of hundreds of officers who have seen service where service meant something. They say that a little parade exercise as a lieutenant in a German regiment does not give a young man the nerve and knowledge to command a British man-of-war, and they speak of the appointment as another scandal in the British navy. The newspapers are more circumspect, but they point out the fact that there are more than 300 officers of the navy who are the seniors of Prince Louis, and who are over-slaughtered by his promotion.

A Lady Who Is Determined to Vote.

DANVILLE, N. Y., Sept. 12.—At a meeting held here Miss Clara Barton, president of the International Red Cross society, announced her intention to vote this fall and take the voter's oath if challenged.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, Sept. 11.
 The market quotations on the board of trade, to-day, were as follows: Wheat—No. 2 September, opened 80 1/2, closed 79 1/2; October, opened 81 1/2, closed 79 1/2; November, opened 83, closed 81 1/2. Corn—No. 2 September, opened 48 1/2, closed 48 1/2; October, opened 49 1/2, closed 48 1/2; November, opened 49 1/2, closed 48 1/2. Oats—No. 2 September, opened and closed 25 1/2; October, opened and closed 25 1/2; May, opened and closed 26 1/2. Pork—September, opened \$8.77 1/2, closed \$8.67 1/2; October, opened \$8.72 1/2, closed \$8.65; Lard—September, opened \$9.20, closed \$9.15.

Live stock—The Union Stock yards report the following range of prices: Hogs—The market opened active, with all parties buying at 50 to 100 higher prices; light grades, \$3.00 to \$4.70; rough packing, \$3.80 to \$4.05; heavy packing, \$4.10 to \$4.45. Cattle—Quiet; shipping, \$4.00 to \$6.00; butchers, \$2.00 to \$3.90; stockers, \$2.00 to \$3.50; Texans, \$2.75 to \$3.75. Sheep—Common, \$2.00 to \$3.00; good, \$3.25 to \$4.00.

Produce: Butter—Fancy creamery, 22 to 23c; fancy dairy, 15 to 16c, packing, 6 to 8c per lb. Eggs—15c per doz. Potatoes—\$1.00 to \$1.20 per bbl. Poultry—Spring chickens, 5 1/2 to 6c; old hens, 5c; roosters, 5c; turkeys, 10 to 11c; and spring ducks, 9c per lb; prairie chickens, \$3.00 to \$3.50 per doz. Berries—Blackberries, \$1.50 to \$2.00 per 16-qt case; blueberries, \$1.50 to \$1.60 per 16-qt case; whortleberries, \$2.00 per bu; cranberries, \$1.00 to \$1.25 per 16-qt case.

New York.

NEW YORK, Sept. 11.
 Wheat—Opened strong, and 1/2 to 3/4 higher, afterward weakened and fell back about 1c, with a fair business reported: No. 2 red October, 83 to 84c; November, 84 1/2 to 85c; December, 85 1/2 to 86c; January, 85 1/2 to 86c. Corn—1/2 to 3/4 lower; very dull; mixed western spot, 25 to 26c; do future, 49 1/2 to 50c. Oats—A shade lower; western, 20 to 21c. No. 2 September, 24 1/2 to 25c; October, 24 1/2 to 25c; November, 24 1/2 to 25c. Provisions—Beef dull; new extra, \$10.00; Pork, dull and easy; new mess, \$10.00 to \$10.50. Lard—Dull and lower; steam-rendered, \$9.47 1/2.

St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 11.
 Wheat—Active and lower; closed 1/2 to 3/4 below yesterday; No. 2 red cash, 87 1/2 to 88c; October, 89 1/2 to 90c; November, 91 1/2 to 92c. Corn—Slow, lower; cash 41 1/2 to 42c; September, 41c; October, 39c. Oats—Fraction higher; cash, 24 to 25c; September, 23 1/2 to 24c; October, 24c; November, 24 1/2 to 25c. Rye—Lower to sell; 51 1/2 to 52c bid. Whisky—Steady; \$1.07. Provisions—Pork dull and lower; \$9.10 asked. Lard, nominally lower.

Toledo.

TOLEDO, Ohio, Sept. 11.
 Wheat—Steady; No. 2 cash, 80 1/2 to 81c; October, 87c; November, 88c; No. 2 soft, 85 1/2 to 86c; do October, 89 1/2 to 90c; November, 91c; May, 81c. Corn—Unchanged; cash and October, 45c; May, 89c. Oats—Unchanged; cash, 25c; October, 20 1/2 to 21c; May, 31c bid. Clover—Quiet; cash and October, \$5.40; November and December, \$5.50.

Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, Sept. 11.
 Wheat—Weak; cash, 79c; October, 80 1/2 to 81c; November, 82c. Corn—Same; No. 2, 43 1/2 to 44c. Oats—Same; No. 2, 25 1/2 to 26c. Rye—Steady; No. 1, 50c. Barley—Firm; No. 2, 69c.

Public notice is hereby given that the Capital Stock of the Nachusa House Company of Dixon, Illinois, has been increased from six thousand dollars to the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars, by vote of more than two-thirds of the stockholders of said company at a special meeting held August 10th, 1895, pursuant to notice as required by law.

HENRY T. NOBLE, President.
 J. C. AYRES, Secy.

Try genuine Gunther's meat at Tilton & Hayden's.

Dying and Cleaning

Of all kinds, on Second street, west Arch, by S. LATHROP.
 413 806y1

The faithful use of six bottles of Dr. Carpenter's Calculi Resolvent will relieve or cure the worst cases of kidney, liver and bladder troubles, or money refunded upon application to the Calculi Resolvent Manufacturing Co., Cleveland, Ohio. Sold by B. B. Higgins.

TO HAVE HEALTH THE LIVER MUST BE KEPT IN ORDER.

DR. SANFORD'S

LIVER INVIGORATOR

Is a cure for Liver Complaints and the cause of a Torpid condition of the Liver, as Dyspepsia, Constipation, Bilelessness, Jaundice, Headache, Malaria, Rheumatism, etc. It regulates the bowels, purifies the blood, and strengthens the system. An invaluable FAMILY REMEDY. Thousands of Testimonials prove its worth. And druggists will tell you nothing else.

BOOTS AND SHOES

GENT'S F. SHOES,

LADIES' HAND TURNED

And Misses and Childrens

Spring Heel Shoes

All sizes and inds.

LADIES' AND GENT'S

French Kid Shoes.

SLIPPERS

All styles, in great variety.

Always something New. Come in and see us. No trouble to show Goods. Prices to suit the times, at the progressive Foot and Shoe Store of

J. H. Pratt & Co

Main Street,

Opposite the Keystone House, DIXON, ILL.

W. N. B.—Repairing promptly and promptly done.

J. H. PRATT. F. E. WRIGHT

INSURANCE.

LEADING COMPANIES.

Fire and Accident

J. V. THOMAS

Opera Block, Dixon.

WHEN BUYING

BRUSHES

Of any kind, ask your dealer for goods made by

GERTS, LUMBARD & Co. CHICAGO,

Their name on each article is a guarantee that they will give satisfaction.

APPLY AT ONCE FOR AN AGENCY FOR LIFE OF GEN. GRANT

By Hon. Ben Perly Foss, Official Biographer U. S. Congress, & Rev. O. H. Tiffany, D.D. Grant's own book only covers the war; this completes his wonderful life story. Get the only official, reliable, and richly illustrated work. Don't be deceived by imitations. Demand is immense. 5,000 AGENTS Wanted. Address HUBBARD BROS., Chicago, Illinois.

WANTED—Young Ladies in city or country to work for us at their homes; fascinating employment; no instructions to buy; work can be sent by mail (clearance no objection); \$6.00 a week can be made. No canvassing, pay no fee, or sample of work mailed for four cents in stamps. Please address HOME MANUFACTURING CO., Boston, Mass., P. O. Box 1916, 822 508m3

C. GONNERMAN

Round Corner Bl'k, Dixon, Ill

Manufacturer and dealer in

FURNITURE

PARLOR SETS, BEDROOM SETS, EASY CHAIRS, CAMP CHAIRS, RATAN GOODS and everything in the line

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE

UNDERTAKING.

I have increased my stock of Coffins, Caskets and General Funeral Supplies, and hereafter I will furnish a

Hearse Without Extra Charge

Repairing of All Kinds

Call And Examine Goods.

Prices Reasonable.

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marble of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kind, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 105 Wall St., N. Y.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 105 Wall St., N. Y.

M. CAHILL,

The Tailor

And dealer in

WOOLENS,

One door west of the Lee Co. National Bank, Main Street, Dixon, has now on hand and is receiving

As Fine A Line of Goods, Foreign and Home Manufacture

As Can be Found West of Chicago

Which will be made up

At Reasonable Prices

Cash, or Prompt Paying Customers

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 105 Wall St., N. Y.

H. J. DREW,

—Dealer in—

GUNS, RIFLES, REVOLVERS, POWDER, SHOOTS

And all kinds of

Sporting Supplies.

Re-Boring Shot Guns for CLOSE Shooting a Specialty.

Gun stocks crooked to any desired drop, so that the gun is actually "fitted to the hunter." H. J. Drew has quite a fame for this work. He has the

FINEST LOT OF GUNS

Outside the Large cities. Sewing Machine Repaired and adjusted, and made to run as good as new. I member the place on Galena street near the bridge, Dixon, Ill.

THE DAISY

Broom Holder!

Something new, useful, and cheap. Nicely finished wood backs and handsome, light printed; steel wire arms. Fastened to wall or door in upright position as shown in cut. Its use incalculates habits of neatness and order, and brooms so cared for retain their proper shape, lasting twice as long as if stood in the corner or thrown around on the floor. Energetic canvassers wanted in every town. LARGE PROFITS. SEND 25c FOR SAMPLE. For particulars, call on or address O. LUDWIG, Mgr., 62 Lake st. (2d floor) Chicago.

CLARK & ANDERSON.

ORNAMENTAL

HOUSE SIGN and CARRIAGE PAINTING

Office over Rosenthal's clothing, Dixon, Ill.

CARRISTON'S GIFT.

By HUGH CONWAY.

Author of "Called Back," "Dark Days," "A Family Affair," etc.

[TOLD BY PHILIP BRAND, M. D., LONDON.]

CHAPTER IX.

A day or two after I had witnessed what I must call Carriston's second seizure we were favored with a visit from the man whose services we had secured to trace Madeline. Since he had received his instructions we had heard nothing of his proceedings until he now called to report progress in person. Carriston had not expressed the slightest curiosity as to where the man was or what he was about. Probably he looked upon the employment of this private detective as nothing more useful than a salve to my conscience. That Madeline was only to be found through the power which he professed to hold of seeing her in his visions was, I felt certain, becoming a rooted belief of his. Whenever I expressed my surprise that our agent had brought or sent no information, Carriston shrugged his shoulders and assured me that from the first he knew the man's researches would be fruitless. However, the fellow had called at last, and, I hoped, had brought us good news.

He was a glib-tongued man, who spoke in a confident, matter-of-fact way. When he saw us he rubbed his hands as one who had brought affairs to a successful issue and now meant to reap praise and other rewards. His whole bearing told me he had made an important discovery; so I begged him to be seated and give us his news.

Carriston gave him a careless glance and at some little distance from us. He looked as if he thought the impending communication scarcely worth the trouble of listening to. He might, indeed, from his looks have been the most disinterested person of the three. He even left me to do the questioning.

"Now, then, Mr. Sharpe," I said, "let us hear if you have earned your money."

"I think so, sir," replied Sharpe, looking curiously at Carriston, who, strange to say, heard this answer with supreme indifference.

"I think I may say I have, sir," continued the detective, "that is if the gentleman can identify these articles as being the young lady's property."

Thereupon he produced from a thick letter case a ribbon, in which was stuck a silver pin, mounted with Scotch pebbles, an ornament that I remembered having seen Madeline wear. Mr. Sharpe handed them to Carriston. He examined them, and I saw his cheeks flush and his eyes grow bright.

"How did you come by this?" he cried, pointing to the silver ornament.

"I'll tell you presently, sir. Do you recognize it?"

"I gave it to Miss Rowan myself."

"Then we are on the right track," I cried, joyfully. "Go on, Mr. Sharpe."

"Yes, gentlemen, we are certainly on the right track; but, after all, it isn't my fault if the track don't lead exactly where you wish. You see, when I heard of this mysterious disappearance of the lady I began to concoct my own theory. I said to myself, 'When a young and beautiful—'

"Confound your theories!" cried Carriston, fiercely. "Go on with your tale."

The man gave his interrupter a spiteful glance.

"Well, sir," he said, "as you gave me strict instructions to watch a certain gentleman closely, I obeyed those instructions. Of course, although I knew I was on a fool's errand."

"Will you go on?" cried Carriston. "If you know where Miss Rowan is, say so; your money will be paid you the moment I find her."

"I don't say I know exactly where to find the lady, but I can soon know if you wish me to."

"Tell your tale your own way, but as shortly as possible," I said, seeing that my excitable friend was preparing for another outburst.

"I found there was nothing to be gained by keeping watch on the gentleman you mentioned, sir, so I went to Scotland and tried back from there. As soon as I worked on my own lay I found out all about it. The lady went from Callendar to Edinburgh, from Edinburgh to London, from London to Folkestone, and from Folkestone to Boulogne."

I glanced at Carriston. All his calmness seemed to have returned. He was leaning against the mantelpiece, and appeared quite unmoved by Mr. Sharpe's clear statement as to the route Madeline had taken.

"Of course," continued Mr. Sharpe, "I was not quite certain I was tracking the right person, although her description corresponded with the likeness you gave me. But as you are sure this article of jewelry belonged to the lady you want, the matter is beyond a doubt."

"Of course," I said, seeing that Carriston had no intention of speaking. "Where did you find it?"

"It was left behind in a bedroom of one of the principal hotels in Folkestone. I did go over to Boulogne, but after that I thought I had learned all you would care to know."

There was something in the man's manner which made me dread what was coming. Again I looked at Carriston. His lips were curved with contempt, but he still kept silence.

"Why not have pursued your inquiries past Boulogne?" I asked.

"For this reason, sir. I had learned enough. The theory I had concocted was the right one, after all. The lady went to Edinburgh alone, right enough; but she didn't leave Edinburgh alone; nor she didn't leave London alone; nor she didn't stay at Folkestone—where I found the pin—alone; nor she didn't go to Boulogne alone. She was accompanied by a young gentleman who called himself Mr. Smith; and, what's more, she called herself Mrs. Smith. Perhaps she was, as they lived like man and wife."

"Whether the fellow was right or mistaken, this explanation of Madeline's disappearance seemed to give me what I can only compare to a smack in the face. I stared at the speaker in speechless astonishment. If the tale he told so glibly and circumstantially was true, farewell, so far as I was concerned, to belief in the love or purity of women. Madeline Rowan, that creature of a poet's dream, on the eve of her marriage with Charles Carriston, to fly, whether wed or unwed, mattered little, with another man!

And yet she was but a woman. Carriston—or Carr, as she only knew him—was in her eyes poor. The companion of her flight might have won her with gold. Such things have been. Still—

My rapid and wrongful meditations were cut short in an unexpected way. Suddenly I saw Mr. Sharpe dragged bodily out of his chair and flung against the wall, while Carriston, standing over him, thrashed the man vigorously with his own ash stick—a con-



Carriston, standing over him, thrashed the man vigorously.

venient weapon, so convenient that I felt Mr. Sharpe could not have selected a stick more appropriate for his own chastisement. So Carriston seemed to think, for he laid on cheerfully some eight or ten good cutting strokes.

Nevertheless, being a respectable doctor and man of peace, I was compelled to interfere. I held Carriston's arm, while Mr. Sharpe struggled to his feet, and after collecting his hat and his pocketbook stood glaring vengeance at his assailant, and rubbing the white such of the weals on his back as he could reach. Annoyed as I felt at the unprofessional fracas, I could scarcely help laughing at the man's appearance. I doubt the possibility of any one looking heroic after such a thrashing.

"I'll have the law for this," he growled. "I ain't paid to be beaten by a madman."

"You're paid to do my work, not another's," said Carriston. "Go to the man who has overbribed you and sent you to tell me your lie. Go to him; tell him that once more he has failed. Out of my sight!"

As Carriston showed signs of recommencing hostile operations, the man fled as far as the doorway. There, being in comparative safety, he turned with a malignant look.

"You'll smart for this," he said; "when they lock you up as a raving lunatic, I'll try and get a post as keeper."

I was glad to see that Carriston paid no attention to this parting shaft. He turned his back scornfully, and the fellow left the room and the house.

"Now are you convinced?" asked Carriston, turning to me.

"Convinced of what? That his tale is untrue, or that he has been misled, I am quite certain."

"Tush! That is not worth consideration. Don't you see that Ralph has done all this! I set that man to watch him; he found out the espionage; suborned my agent—or your agent, I should say; sent him here with a trumped up tale. Oh, yes; I was to believe that Madeline had deserted me—that was to drive me out of my senses. My cousin is a fool, after all!"

"Without further proof I cannot believe that your suspicions are correct," I said, but I must own I spoke with some hesitation.

"Proof! A clever man like you ought to see ample proof in the fact of that wretch having twice called me a madman. I have seen him but once before—you know if I then gave him any grounds for making such an assertion. Tell me, from whom could he have learned the word except from Ralph Carriston?"

I was bound, if only to save my own reputation for sagacity, to confess that the point noted by Carriston had raised certain doubts in my mind. But if Ralph Carriston really was trying by some finely wrought scheme to bring about what he desired, there was all the more reason for great caution to be exercised.

"I am sorry you beat the fellow," I said. "He will now swear right and left that you are not in your senses."

"Of course he will. What do I care?"

"Only remember this. It is easier to get put in an asylum than to get out of it."

"It is not so very easy for a sane man like myself to be put in, especially when he is on his guard. I have looked up the law. There must be a certificate signed by two doctors, surgeons, or, I believe, apothecaries will do, who have seen the supposed lunatic alone and together. I'll take very good care I speak to no doctor save yourself, and keep out of the way of surgeons and apothecaries."

It quite cheered me to hear him speaking so sensibly and collectedly about himself, but I again impressed upon him the need of great caution. Although I could not believe that his cousin had taken Madeline away, I was, after the affair with the spy, inclined to think that, as Carriston averred, he aimed at getting him, sane or insane, into a madhouse.

But after all these days we were not a step nearer to the discovery of Madeline's whereabouts. Carriston made no sign of doing anything to facilitate that discovery. Again I urged him to intrust the whole affair to the police. Again he refused to do so, adding that he was not quite ready. Ready for what, I wondered!

where I shall be the next, it will be impossible for that villain to know."

This was not a bad argument. In fact, if he carried out his resolve of passing quickly from place to place I did not see how he could plan anything more likely to defeat the intentions with which we credited his cousin. As to his finding Madeline by so doing, that was another matter.

His idea seemed to be that chance would sooner or later bring him in contact with the man of his dream. However, now that the search had been intrusted to the proper persons his own action in the matter was not worth troubling about. I gave him many cautions. He was to be quiet and guarded in words and manner. He was not to converse with strangers. If he found himself dogged or watched by anyone he was to communicate at once with me. But, above all, I begged him not to yield again to his mental infirmity. The folly of a man who

could avoid it throwing himself into such a state ought to be apparent to him.

"Not oftener than I can help," was all the promise I could get from him. "But see her I must sometimes, or I shall die."

I had now given up as hopeless the combat with his peculiar idiosyncrasy. So, with many expressions of gratitude on his part, we bade each other farewell.

During his absence he wrote to me nearly every day, so that I might know his whereabouts in case I had any news to communicate. But I had none. The police failed to find the faintest clew. I had been called upon by them once or twice in order that they might have every grain of information I could give. I took the liberty of advising them not to waste their time in looking for the man, as his very existence was problematical. It was but a fancy of my friend's, and not worth thinking seriously about. I am not sure but what, after hearing this, they did not think the whole affair was an imagined one, and so relaxed their efforts.

Once or twice Carriston, happening to be in the neighborhood of London, came to see me, and slept the night at my house. He also had no news to report. Still, he seemed hopeful as ever.

The weeks went by until Christmas was over and the New Year begun; but no sign, word or trace of Madeline Rowan. "I have seen her," wrote Carriston, "several times. She is in the same place—unhappy, but not ill-treated."

Evidently his hallucinations were still in full force.

At first I intended that the whole of this tale should be told by myself; but upon getting so far it struck me that the evidence of another actor who played an important part in the drama would give certain occurrences to the reader at first instead of secondhand, so I wrote to my friend Dick Fenton, of Frenchay, Gloucestershire, and begged him, if he found himself capable of so doing, to put in simple narrative form his impressions of certain events which happened in January, 1886; events in which we two were concerned. He has been good enough to comply with my request. His communication follows.

CONTINUED.

Two Months' Intercourse.

[Philadelphia Bulletin.]

The manners of people at summer hotels furnish a boundless field for study. A year or two ago two Philadelphia ladies arrived at Lake Mohonk and were placed at a table already occupied by an Albany party of six, bearing aristocratic names that contrasted strikingly with their behaviors. For two months these patrician Albanians sat at the little table without addressing a word of civility to the Philadelphia ladies. At the close of that period the Albany matter families suddenly remarked: "We leave you to-day." Whereupon the braver Philadelphia lady said: "Indeed!" And so the two months' constant intercourse began and ended.

An Aeronautic Institute.

Vienne is about to put into practical operation an aeronautic institute, where a constant supply of balloons of every kind and style will be kept on hand. Ascensions are to be free.

A Novel feature in Investments.

The whole country after having undergone a period of depression is now asking itself, what business has least been affected and uninjured?

Such a business, industry, or corporation, that can make a better showing now than before the crisis attracts the attention of capital, merits the confidence of investors and is being eagerly sought for.

There is such a business, and it has heretofore been monopolized by English and Scotch capital until some three hundred millions have been invested in the Ranch and Cattle business of this great country.

Foremost amongst the strongest, richest and most successful American Companies stand the United States Land and Investment Company, 145 Broadway, New York, which is now offering \$500,000 First Mortgage 6% 10 Year Bonds, for subscription at 90 cash, or at par, upon a novel installment feature which appeals to the Farmer as well as the Banker, the Clerk and Mechanic as well as the Millionaire, and to all who desire to invest their savings, at better rates of interest than any bank will allow.

This Company issues certificates of indebtedness in One and Five Dollars, each representing an installment, and when the investor has purchased \$50 of these certificates he becomes entitled to a \$100 Gold Bond, First Mortgage, bearing 6% interest, which he can obtain upon presenting his certificates or forwarding them by letter to the Company's Office, at 145 Broadway, N. Y.

The remaining \$50 due on the Bond being payable to the Company in monthly installments not exceeding \$5.

The bond commences to draw interest upon delivery the same as if fully paid. In addition to which the company gives as a Bonus, Free, one fully paid up share of stock of the value of \$25.

Those desiring to buy their Bonds outright for cash can do so at 10% discount in \$100, \$500 or \$1000 Bonds and receive one, five or ten shares of stock Free. The Bonds are secured by properly owned absolutely by the Company, estimated to be worth \$3,000,000, and this money received from sale of Bonds will be invested in Cattle, the income from which it is estimated will yield 80% upon the stock after paying 6% on the Bonds.

Applications are being forwarded in great numbers daily, and all those who desire to subscribe should send at once for Prospectuses and full information to The United States Land Investment Company, 145 Broadway, New York.—The Financialist. 824 519m3

DR. CARPENTER'S CALCULI RESOLVENT

VALUABLE DISCOVERY.

Bright's Disease, Gravel, and all Liver and Kidney Diseases.

The result of Calculi or Stones composed of carbonates of lime and magnesia, etc., precipitated in the vital organs by the elimination of the carbonic acid gas from our drinking water and vegetables, which contain these carbonates in large quantities.

UTERINE INFLAMMATION and other diseases of females have the same aggravating cause. Calculi also form in the *Hepatic Ducts*, causing derangement of the *Liver* and introducing a train of *Stomach Diseases*, as *Dyspepsia*, accompanied by *Sour Stomach* and *Impure Breath*. Other results of Calculi are *Pains in the Back and Limbs*, *Neuralgia*, *Rheumatism* and *General Lassitude* accompanied by derangement of the vital and secretory organs.

These *Calculi* are the same (with the addition of uric acid) as the deposits found in every teakettle. *Calculi Resolvent* disintegrates and causes them to pass away in fine particles without injury to the organs themselves, and cures the resultant disease, a result long sought by medical science, but never before attained.

Sold by Druggists generally. Price \$1 per Bottle. Made only by the

Calculi Resolvent Manufacturing Company.

70 Water St., Cleveland, O.

Sold by B. B. Higgins, Druggist

811yl 443yl

A BIG OFFER TO INTRODUCE THEM. We will give away 1,000 Self-Operating Washing Machines. If you will send us your name, P. O., and express office at once, **THE NATIONAL CO.**, 221 Dey Street, N. Y. 822 40 ml

We want 1,000 More BOOK AGENTS for the People's History of

U. S. GRANT.

40,000 copies already sold. We want one agent in every Grand Army Post and in every ship. Send for SPECIAL TERMS TO AGENTS, or secure an agency at once by sending 50 cents in stamps or gold. Address **FORSHEE & McMAKIN**, Cincinnati, Ohio 823ml

Grenier's Garden, Chicago

Madison Street cars. Comic Opera, Concerts, Skating, Bicycling, Coasting, Slides, &c. Capacity 10,000. 15 and 25 cents to all.

GRENIER'S LYCEUM THEATRE.

Madison Street, three blocks west of river. Chicago's Grandest Variety Palace. Two shows daily. 10, 15 and 25 cents. Capacity 3,000.



GOING WEST. PRINCIPAL LINE

FROM CHICAGO, PEORIA & ST. LOUIS,

BY WAY OF OMAHA AND LINCOLN TO DENVER,

OR VIA KANSAS CITY AND ATCHISON TO DENVER.

Connecting in Union Depots at Kansas City, Omaha and Denver with through trains for

SAN FRANCISCO

And all points in the Great West.

GOING EAST.

Connecting in Grand Union Depot at Chicago with through trains for

NEW YORK, BOSTON,

And all Eastern Cities.

At Peoria with through trains for Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Columbus, and all points in the South-East. At St. Louis with through trains for all points South.

Elegant Day Coaches, Parlor Cars, with Reclining Chairs (seats free), Smoking Cars with Revolving Chairs, Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars and the famous C. B. & Q. Dining Cars run daily to and from Chicago and Kansas City, Chicago and Council Bluffs; Chicago and Des Moines, Chicago, St. Joseph, Atchison and Topeka without change. Only through line running their own trains between Chicago, Lincoln and Denver, and Chicago, Kansas City and Denver. Through cars between Indianapolis and Council Bluffs, via Peoria.

GOING NORTH AND SOUTH.

Solid Trains of Elegant Day Coaches and Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars are run daily to and from St. Louis; via Hannibal; Quincy, Keokuk, Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Albia to St. Paul and Minneapolis. Also Cars with Reclining Chairs run from St. Louis and Peoria. Only one change of cars between St. Louis and Des Moines, Iowa, Lincoln, Nebraska, and Denver, Colorado.

It is also the only Through Line between

ST. LOUIS, MINNEAPOLIS and ST. PAUL.

It is known as the great THROUGH CAR LINE of America, and is universally admitted to be the

Finest Equipped Railroad in the World for all classes of Travel.

Through Tickets via this line for sale at all R. R. coupon ticket offices in the United States and Canada.

T. J. POTTER, PERCEVAL LOWELL,
Vice-Pres. & Gen. Manager Gen. Pass. Agt. Chicago

JOB PRINTING

THE TELEGRAPH HAS A COMPLETE JOB PRINTING OFFICE, STEAM PRESSES, A GREAT VARIETY OF TYPE AND FACILITIES WHICH FEW OFFICES POSSESS FOR DOING GOOD WORK ON SHORT NOTICE.

WANTED—Ladies and gentlemen to take nice, light, pleasant work at their own homes. Work sent by mail any distance all the year round. \$3 to \$5 a day can be quickly made; no canvassing. Address Reliable Manufacturing Co., Philadelphia, Pa. 824 519ml

DOWN'S PATENT SELF-ADJUSTING CORSET



The above cut is a correct representation, showing a Corset Girdle with covered Silk Elastic Girdle above and below, which allow of perfect freedom in stooping, sitting, or leaning the arms above the head, as the Corset adapts itself to every motion of the body, and gives grace to the wearer, and is at the same time the most perfect Corset in the market. None genuine unless stamped on inside of Corset. For sale by

STERN BROS.,

June 5 '85. Dixon, Ills.

"CANDEE"

Rubber Boots

—WITH—
DOUBLE THICK BALL

Ordinary Rubber Boots always wear out first on the ball. The CANDEE Boots are double thick on the ball, and give

DOUBLE WEAR.

Most economical Rubber Boot in the market. Lasts longer than any other boot, and the

PRICE NO HIGHER.

Call and examine the goods.

DOUBLE THICK BALL.

FOR SALE BY

J. B. FARGO.

DIXON ILL.

C. H. FARGO & CO.

Wholesale Agents Candee Co.

CHICAGO.

Klossowski & Frank.

New Millinery Store

Corner Main and Hennepin St.

Mrs. Klossowski & Frank have opened a New Millinery Store and respectfully solicit customers. They are now receiving a stock of Millinery and Embroidery of Latest Styles.

In addition to our new stock of Fancy Goods, we have added a full line of the latest and most graceful designs for Art Embroidering and Kensington Painting, and are prepared to do stamping by the French process; guaranteed perfect.

824 519ml

DELAND & CO'S

CAFFEINATED SALERATUS SODA

Best in the World.

For sale by TURNER & HENESEY

BABY CARRIAGES

SENT C. O. D.

A splendid willow-basket carriage, brussels mat, fine steel springs, handsome parasol top, solid bent handles, novelty brace and warranted, only \$5. Send two cent stamp for Illustrated Catalogue. 1000 carriages in stock; over 80 styles to select from. I pay express charges to all points within 300 miles. **L. C. SPENCER'S TOY FACTORY.** 21 W. Madison Street, Chicago

MINE CHILDREN.

Oh, dose children, dose children, dey boddher mine life!
Why don't dey keep quiet like Gretchen, mine wife?
Vot makes dem so shock fool of mischief, I vunder.
A shumping der room round mit noises like dunder?
Hear dot! Vos dere anything made such a noise,
As Herman and Otto, mine two leedle poys?

Ven I dake out my pipe for a good, quiet smoke,
Dey crawl me all over, und dink it a shoke.
To go droo mine bookets to see vot dey find,
Und if mit der latch-key my vatch dey can vind.
It dakes someding more as der fader und moder
To quiet dot Otto und his leedle broder.

Dey stub out their boots, und vear holes in der knees
Of their drounsers, and shtockings, und such dings as dese.
I dink if dot Ceresus vas lifing to-day
Dose poys make more bills as dot Kaiser could pay.

Ven me quick out dot some riches dake vings,
I find each couple a tays I must buy dem new dings.
Ipring dose two shafers some toys every tay,
Pecunse "Shonny Schwartz's barents vas poorer as ve."

Do's vot der young rashkells vas saying to me.
Dot old Santa Klaus mit a sleigh fool of toys
Don't gif satisfaction to dose greedy poys.
Dey kick der clothes off ven ashleep in dher ped,
Und get so mooch croup dot dey almost vas dead!

Budd id don't make no different; before it vas light
Dey vas out in dey morning mid billows to fight.
I dink it vas beddher you don't dot some ears
Ven dey play "Holdt der Fort," und den gif droo cheers.

Oh, dose children, dose children, dey boddher mine life,
But shtop shoost a leedle. If Gretchen, mine wife,
Und dose leedle children dey don't been around,
Und all droo der house der vas nefer a sound—
Vell, poys, vy you look up dot vay mid surbris;
I gness dey see tears in dher old fader's eyes.

—Charles Follen Adams, in *Harper's*.

A STRANGE FATALITY.

BY CLARK HARRISON.

"A telegram, sir, fifty cents," promptly spoke a dusty messenger boy, as Philip Devlin appeared at the door, in response to a rap, one warm day in June.

Philip was a young farmer, who lived a short distance from the town of Gresham.

He took the yellow envelope in his hand, and fumbled it over and over without opening it, just as many a person has done before.

"The fifty cents is for delivering the message," ventured the boy. "We get that much when we come so far."

"Oh, yes," responded Philip; and he called to his wife to bring the money.

"What can it be, Phil?" she asked, as she realized that some direful news must be contained in the fateful telegram.

Philip opened it and read:
"Your uncle Reuel died this morning. Funeral Thursday. ALICE."

A stifled sob rose into Lulu's throat. "At last," she said. "He is now at rest, thank God."

For she knew too well how he had suffered.

The month before, she had been with him a few days, and then he had fondly renewed his overflowing affection for her, and wished her life-long happiness with her devoted husband.

"There is no reply," Philip said to the messenger, who had thankfully taken the glass of cool milk, which the hired girl had brought him.

And the sturdy little fellow trudged off, refreshed and gratified, his fingers closing on the bright half-dollar with cheering satisfaction that it had been well earned and would be well spent.

Philip and Lulu took the next morning train for Cincinnati, arriving there during the afternoon.

It was Wednesday. All preparations had been made for the funeral to take place the next day.

Alice, the elder niece of the deceased, and Lulu's cousin, was the only other female relative present.

Her father and two brothers were there, having come from Indianapolis. Some of the societies to which Mr. Tracy had belonged attended the funeral, and, after all was over, the relatives all assembled to hear the will read.

The lawyer, who held it, was a slim, little man with gold spectacles. He coughed nervously, and seemed to be considerably agitated when he arose.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began. "It is with much embarrassment that I appear before you on this solemn occasion. I had hoped, before the death of my devoted friend, whom we have today followed to his long home, to have closed up a matter which has been a source of much trouble and considerable anxiety to me. But, as you are all aware, the deceased's taking off was sudden, after all. He had been much better until the morning of his death, and on the very day he died I was to have met him and arranged his worldly matters more perfectly to his satisfaction. That meeting never occurred. Consequently we have to take the record of his wishes as we find them last expressed. They are contained in this paper."

The old lawyer carefully opened the sealed will of the deceased and began its reading.

By it the bulk of the property was left to Alice and her brothers, and a comparatively small legacy fell to Lulu.

Every one present was surprised, and their glances and whispers revealed their astonishment. For it had been a well settled opinion, almost amounting to actual knowledge, that Lulu was to be the heiress, and that the others were to be left but little, if anything.

The old lawyer resumed:
"The document I have just read is the last will of the deceased, so far as I am informed and believe. It was drawn up and signed nearly a year ago."

There is no other paper anywhere to be found, and this one was deposited with me by the deceased himself, at the time it was made. I will say, however, that it does not dispose of the effects in the manner I have, by recent remarks of the deceased, been led to believe he intended they should be."

The unexpected disposition of Reuel Tracy's property was a theme of public comment for many days.

The heirs, Alice and her brothers, were so elated at their good fortune that they affected not to see any reason why people should not give uncle Reuel an opportunity to change his mind, if he felt so disposed.

Philip and Lulu returned to the farm. They talked but little concerning the property. They felt that it was a forbidden subject.

Yet each wondered how it could possibly have happened that uncle Reuel should have so misled them, and all the rest as well.

Never, by the slightest token, had he displayed any other than the kindest and heartfelt wishes for their welfare.

And many a little remark like "I haven't forgotten you, Lulu," "You will be remembered," had during the year past confirmed their belief in his determination to make Lulu his heiress.

"It is all for the best, Phil," Lulu had said. "Dear uncle must have, after all, disapproved of our marriage, and changed his mind after I had gone away. But no matter, we can be happy without the money, dear, can we not?"

And Philip, brave fellow, lovingly responded, "We shall forget all about it."

Poor man! He tried to forget, but it was hard to do so.

He had counted on Uncle Reuel's money for many improvements on the farm, and they were badly needed. The old place had run down gradually until, to put it in good order, it would require more dollars than it was possible for him to acquire in many years.

Autumn came. Harvesting was done. The proceeds of the farm had sold for scarcely more than sufficient money to take them over the winter by the practice of great economy.

"I shall be busy at the clearing till late," said Philip, one day, as he shouldered his ax and started off.

While busily engaged in felling a tall poplar tree, he did not notice the approach of a tramp.

The latter had come up lazily, and now sat watching the young farmer, as he wielded the ax and speedily cut through the tree trunk.

As Philip dealt the last blow and dodged aside to be free from danger from the falling tree, his eye caught sight of the tramp.

The unthinking fellow had seated himself on the lower end of a log which extended over a wood-pile. Its upper end reached far enough beyond the edge of the wood-pile to be in the way of the fall of the poplar tree, which was already swaying.

Philip saw the man's dangerous position, and shouted:

"Look out, there! Jump! Quick!" But the tramp paid no heed to the warning.

The poplar tree descended, and in its mighty fall it struck the end of the log extending over the wood-pile, with tremendous force.

Instantly the tramp was lifted in the air fifty feet or more, and when he struck the earth all that was left of him was a mangled corpse.

Philip Devlin was horror-stricken. He hastened to the prostrate man, but was soon convinced that the miserable fellow was past help.

He summoned his nearest neighbors. The news of the accident spread quickly.

Before the day was ended the coroner had summoned a jury, and they had brought in their verdict of "Accidentally killed."

Nothing was found upon the dead man by which he could be identified, but in one of his pockets the coroner discovered a large dirty-edged envelope containing a document.

He opened it and read aloud: "Last will and testament of Reuel Tracy."

Philip listened, thunder-struck. He gazed first at the paper, then at the coroner.

"May 10th, 1883," resumed the coroner.

Philip reached forward. "Let me see that paper," said he.

The coroner hesitated an instant, as if in deep thought, then a broad smile irradiated his broad face.

He handed the document to Philip. "It concerns you, my dear friend," he said. "I can trust you with it until I need it again."

Philip Devlin broke away from the assembled group and ran to the house. He arrived there almost breathless.

"Lulu! Lulu! I have found it!" he exclaimed, like a boy would shout in glee.

And succeeding investigation proved that he had, indeed, found the missing will, which made Lulu heiress to the Tracy estates, instead of Alice and her brothers.

The old lawyer was telegraphed. He came from Cincinnati, opened the will, and declared it to be the one he had believed to be in existence.

The mystery was easily explained shortly afterward.

Just after Lulu's last visit to her uncle, he had secretly made this will and placed it in a sealed envelope on his table.

A few nights later the house had been entered by burglars, and several valuable articles had been taken from the lower rooms. But nothing had been disturbed in the invalid's room, and he had not been informed of the burglary.

The thieves had been scared away before having time to secure many articles, but it was evident that one of them, more adventurous than the rest, had ascended to Mr. Tracy's room and snatched the will from the table without disturbing the invalid.

Whether it was the tramp, whose body reposed in the Gresham graveyard, was never known.

Alice and others remembered having seen the envelope lying on Uncle Reuel's table, but as nothing else had been disturbed in the room, its loss had not occurred to them.

Before winter set in, uncle Reuel's property was distributed according to the terms of his last will, and Philip and Lulu were confidently planning the improvements to be made in the spring.

The Tracys were disappointed, but relinquished their claims without trouble.

Philip shudders when he recalls the terrible feeling he experienced while the tree was falling, and sometimes feels uneasy about what he deems his own remote responsibility for the tramp's death.

"It was providential," assures Lulu, when he mentions it. "It could not have been otherwise."

THE PROFESSION.

In driving out into the country a Detroit lawyer encountered a horse and buggy driven by a woman. As she was driving on the wrong side of the road he made up his mind not to give up his rights. As a consequence the two horses finally came to a stand-still, with their noses rubbing each other. The lawyer stared at the woman, and the woman stared back. Then he pulled a newspaper from his pocket and began reading. In a minute she had her knitting out, and was industriously at work. Ten long minutes in a broiling sun passed away, and the lawyer looked up and asked:

"How long you going to stay here?"

"How long are you?"

"All day."

"And I'll stay here a whole week."

He read and she knit for another ten minutes, and then the lawyer called out:

"Do you know that I'm a lawyer?"

"I don't care for that," she replied:

"I'm the wife of a Justice of the Peace."

"Oh—ah—excuse me, madam. Really, but if I'd known you belonged to the purfesh this would not have happened. Take this side, madam—take the whole road!"

"Oh, no, no, no! I'm sorry I detained you. Here—drive on, and excuse me if I have been guilty of unprofessional conduct."—*Detroit Free Press*.

PROGRESS AND PICTURESQUENESS.

The railroads have driven out the long-handled frying-pan and the flap-jack of twenty years ago, and introduced the condensed milk and canned fruit of commerce. Along the highways, where once the hopeful hundreds marched with long-handled shovels and pick and pan, cooking by the way thin salt pork and flapjacks and slumgullion, now the road is lined with empty beer bottles and peach cans that have outlived their usefulness. No landscape can be picturesque with an empty peach can in the foreground, any more than a lion would look grand in a red monogram horse-blanket and false teeth.—*Bill Nye*.

COPENHAGEN flatters herself that she has more wickedness than Chicago. Sitka will next file her claims.

LIFE IN SIAM.

A Glimpse at the Habits and Customs of a Little-Known People.

"Life in a country like Siam," said ex-Minister Halderman, "is not very pleasant, and you get tired of it in a short time. There is no society. Few white people remain there for any length of time. Many of the Europeans settled there are engaged in the disreputable liquor traffic, and belong to a very undesirable class of people. The climate is hot. There is no sanitarium in the neighborhood of Bangkok to which you could retire during the hot season. There are no hotels, no public traveling conveyances. If you want to travel, you have to move your entire household along with you, and that is expensive. Servants are cheap enough, but it requires ten Siamese to do the work of one European, and especially the representative of a foreign country, is always charged twice as much as a native would be for the same article. The expense to go to Siam is about \$500 for one person."

"How did you find the people inclined toward Americans?"

"Very favorably, indeed. The commercial possibilities are great, though at present the Siamese are anything but a commercial people. They are agriculturists. The chief exports are rice, sugar, pepper, Japan wood, and hides. China carries on a larger trade with Siam than any other country."

"Tell me something about the government."

"The King is a man of about 32. He is a pleasant, intelligent, and well meaning man. He speaks English. His Secretary is also his half-brother. It is easy enough to secure an audience. There is very little ceremony, considering that it is an Asiatic court. I would, for instance, address a note to the Secretary and say I wished to have an audience with the King. A reply would come promptly, agreeing to my request. I would don a full dress suit, present myself at the gates of the palace, be received by the guards, passed along by different functionaries until I reached his Majesty's presence. He would shake hands with me in ordinary European fashion, listen to what I had to say, and when I had finished I would rise and bow myself out. When I told my English and French colleagues that I never awaited the King's pleasure to terminate the interview, but always rose when I had stated my business, they were somewhat surprised. They regarded it as a breach of etiquette, but the King, I am told, liked it very much."

"The King is a very much married man. He has some 3,000 wives. The establishment where they are housed is a kept very close from the eyes of men. No Europeans and very few natives of the male sex are allowed to enter the sacred precincts. Mrs. Palgrave, the wife of the English agent, did get permission once to visit the Queen's establishment. There is, by the way, only one Queen; the others are merely concubines. It was very plainly furnished. There was no splendor, gorgeousness and all that sort of thing, at all. The floors were marble, and the women sat on mats and rugs. They were chewing the betel root and constantly spitting; spittoons abounded. A few hangings were all the decoration the walls had. The women were very much like the Chinese women. The head is large, the face broad, forehead low, the cheek bones prominent, the lips thick, the eyes black, though not upturned as in the case of the Chinese. There is, of course, a whole army of female attendants."

HE FELT SLEEPY.

"John," said the old man, as he laid down his paper and wiped his glasses, "we've got one hoss wuth \$500 of any man's money."

"Yes, father."

"We've got another who is half blind, and can't quite aim his keep."

"Yes."

"And a third who'd eat a common man poor inside of a year, and no good except to git up a neighborhood quarrel."

"That's so, father."

"Well, now, what would be the result if we hitched them hosses up together. Wouldn't it spile the good one, instead of makin' \$500 hosses of the others?"

"K'rect, father."

"But these 'ere tarnal railroads figger jist the other way. A line which kin possibly pay expenses an' make two cents fur stockholders mus go an' hitch with up three or four lame an' blind consarns that can't pay fur axle grease, an' the result is darnation all around, John."

"Yes, father."

"Snuff out your candle and go to bed! When I see men crack their own skulls fur the sake of showin' the world the sawdust inside, it makes me sleepy."—*Wall Street News*.

THE PARAGRAPHERS.

THE compensations of vanity are quite as ambiguous as those of desire. —*Barbers' Gazette*.

THERE was nothing the matter with B's feet till he was kicked out of a club, and then he was club-footed. —*Merchant Traveler*.

WHAT this country needs most is a practical scientist who can invent an attachable steering apparatus for cyclones. —*Boston Post*.

PERHAPS nothing has more of a tendency to sour the milk of human kindness than a snoring man in a sleeping car. —*Chicago Leader*.

MRS. SHODDY says it is a curious Gospel of Peace which keeps huge bore canons in the church and sends epistolists to the other churches. —*St. Paul Herald*.

A THEATRICAL manager says the word "drama" is pronounced in about twenty-five different ways. The majority of dramas we have noticed, are pronounced failures. —*Norristown Herald*.

LINES OF CONGRATULATION TO A YOUNG LADY RECOVERING FROM THE MEASLES.

We joy that in your eyes anew
Bright Health her signal flashes,
That, like the fabled Phoenix, you
Are rising from your rashes.

—*Boston Courier*.

WITH pleasure, Clarissa, we will endeavor to inform you what the difference is between spring water and spring poetry: One is run out of the ground and the other is run into the ground; that's all. —*Yonkers' Statesman*.

"A woman can't manage anything," said Henpeck, in the midst of a discussion with his wife on domestic policy. "Yes, she can." "I'd like to know what it is." "A man." He went out and sat down on the hydrant to think. —*Chicago Ledger*.

It is the custom in swell Boston society not to introduce people. We suppose the reason of it is that so many kinds of persons are in the best society now-a-days, that it is hardly safe to permit promiscuous introductions. Pass the beans, please. —*Merchant Traveler*.

"Oh, George! How superlatively still, clear, and beautiful is the night!" she whispered, leaning her finely veined temple against his coat collar; "how soothing, how restful!" "Yes," he replied, toying with her chestnut aureole of hair. "What a night to shoot cats!" —*Barbers' Gazette*.

A YOUNG lady who had recently visited St. Louis was called upon by her lover when she returned. Judge of his surprise when he observed that instead of smiling as usual her face underwent a series of the most extraordinary physiognomical phenomena. He said: "Darling, why do you weep?" "I'm not weeping, you goose; I'm laughing the way they do down in St. Louis." —*Boston Courier*.

JINKS—"You appear to be in a hurry." MINKS—"Yes. I'm going to meet a train. My mother-in-law is coming on a visit." "Already! Why, you haven't been married a month." "No. She is coming at my earnest solicitation, though." "But I thought you wouldn't care for that kind of a change so soon." "Well, I'd rather have a mother-in-law that the dyspepsia." —*Philadelphia Call*.

A CLERGYMAN, in a sermon on matrimony, says the "when-a-man's-single-he-lives-at-his-ease" theory is doing incalculable harm to our society. It is certainly a false theory. In a majority of cases, when a man is single he is courting a girl and at such time he is not at ease by a large majority. His mind is racked by the thought that some other fellow may "cut him out," and he hesitates to "pop" for fear his pocket-book will not stand the subsequent strain. —*Norristown Herald*.

IMMORTALITY.

When roamed the ichthyosaurus gay
With other protoplasmic birds,
The merry creatures made a play
On words.

It tickled prehistoric man,
And cheered poor Adam in his fall,
Nor yet in Hooper's day began
To pall.

It flourished when Augustus reigned,
Joe Miller got it off at lunch;
I've seen it, with the point explained,
In Punch.

And deemed thereat the jest laid low—
Forever hid from human sight;
I heard it at the minstrels, though,
Last night.

—*Life*.

BEATS THE GEORGIA RECORD.

There is a man in Georgia who can write without knowing the alphabet or being able to read anything except his own writing. It is further said that he superintends a farm and "keeps his books after a style of his own." A singular case, perhaps; but he cannot claim originality in the last named peculiarity. There are a great many bank officials who also have kept books "after a style of their own." Some of them are in Canada keeping out of the clutches of the law. —*Norristown Herald*.

A MARKED YOUTH.
Years ago there lived in the interior of New York a boy, the son of a farmer, who also worked at the trade of a potter. The boy was a marked youth, because he would do with might whatever he undertook. He was a leader in the ordinary sports of boyhood, and whenever the farm or the pottery relaxed their hold upon him he would be found repairing some damaged article or devising a new implement.

His father was poor; the farm was small, and could only be enlarged by clearing up the primeval forest. The boy was anxious to acquire knowledge, but his services were so necessary to his father that he could not be spared to attend the winter term of the common school.

But the boy was in earnest. With the aid of his brother, one year his junior, he chopped and cleared four acres of birch and maple woodland, plowed it, planted it with corn, harvested the crops, and then asked, as his compensation, to be allowed to attend school during the winter. Of course the father granted his wish.

When the boy was seventeen, the father's pottery business had so increased as to demand a more extensive factory. A carpenter was hired to build the new building, and the boy assisted him. So familiar did he become with the tools and the trade that he determined, with the aid of the younger brother, to erect a two-story frame dwelling-house for his father's family. The two boys cut the timber from the forest, planned and framed the structure, and then invited the neighbors to assist at the "raising." They came from far and near to see what a lad of seventeen had done. When every mortise and tenon was found to fit its place, and the frame was seen to stand perfect and secure, the veterans cheered the young architect and builder. From that day he was in demand as a master-carpenter.

That boy was Ezra Cornell, the founder of Cornell University.

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

The meaning of this old proverb is that the man who has done well in little things shall be advanced so that he shall not waste himself on work to which obscure and unambitious men are adequate. Ezra Cornell illustrated the truth of the Bible saying.—*Anon.*

NEW POSTAGE CHANGES.
New postage changes took effect July 1, the most important of which are the practical reduction of the present rate on letters by increasing the weight from one-half ounce to one ounce, upon which the present rate of two cents will be charged.

Drop-letters will be mailed at the rate of two cents per ounce or fraction thereof, including delivery at letter-carrier offices, and one cent for each ounce or fraction thereof where free delivery by carriers is not established.

It is further provided that all publications of the second class, when sent by publishers thereof and from the office of publication, including sample copies, or when sent from a news agency to actual subscribers thereto, or to other news agents, shall be entitled to transmission through the mails at one cent per pound or fraction thereof, such postage to be prepaid as now provided by law.

Another important change is that authorizing the issue of a special stamp of the face value of ten cents. When, in addition to the lawful postage, this stamp is attached to a letter the delivery of which is to be at a free-delivery office, or at any city, town or village of 4,000 population or over, it shall entitle such letter to immediate delivery at any free-delivery office designated by the Postmaster General as a special-delivery office. Such specially stamped letters are required to be delivered immediately, within one mile of any special-delivery office, between 7 o'clock in the morning and 12 o'clock midnight.

A CUSTOMER FOR THUNDER RODS.
"You see," said the farmer to the lightning-rod agent, "it ain't lightning that I'm afraid of, it's thunder. Thunder allers paralyze me. I don't want no lightning rods."

"Well," admitted the agent, "I think myself that thunder is the more dangerous of the two. What you want is thunder rods."

"Have you got thunder rods?"

"Oh, yes; the brass-tipped rods are for lightning, and the nickel-tipped for thunder; but the latter cost a little more."

"I guess you kin put up a few of them thunder rods," said the farmer. "I don't mind payin' a little extra so long as I feel safe."—*New York Times.*

What Sporting Men Rely On.
When Louis R. Redmond, the South Carolina moonshiner, cornered, after for eight years eluding the Government officials, was asked to surrender, he exclaimed: "Never, to men who fire at my back!" Before he was taken, five bullets had gone clear through him, but strange to relate, he got well in the hands of a rude backwoods nurse.

By the way, if Garfield had been in the hands of a backwoods nurse he might have lived. A heap of volunteer testimony against the infallibility of the physicians has been accumulating of late, and people are encouraged to do their own doctoring more and more. It is cheaper and quite as certain.

Before Detective Curpin, of Buffalo, caught Tom Ballard he "covered" him with his revolver. Tom saw the point and tumbled!

Joe Goss was "covered" a few weeks ago and he tumbled, and so did Dan Mace. Death "fetched 'em" with that dreaded weapon—kidney disease. But they should have been lively and drawn first. They could easily have disarmed the monster had they covered him with that dead shot—Warner's safe cure, which, drawn promptly, always takes the prey. It is doubtless true that sporting men dread this enemy more than any mishap of their profession, and presumably this explains why they as a rule are so partial to that celebrated "dead shot."

Redmond was right. No man should surrender when attacked in the back. He should "draw," face about, and proceed to the defense, for such attacks, so common among all classes, will fetch a man every time unless "covered" by that wonderfully successful "dead shot."—*Sportsman's News.*

THE INCREASE OF PROFANITY.
It seems as if this increase were correspondent with the general spread of intelligence, the distribution of wealth, the increase in the number of graduates of the public schools, the general expansion and activity of the people. It is certainly in many individual cases the inevitable concomitant of the imperious instinct of expression and self-assertion. This instinct is becoming more and more developed in an entire class of our people, who are beginning to feel the effects of civilization, of increased population, and of social propinquity. Whereas, once they were few in number, under the necessity of hard work and wholly unoccupied with the thought of amusement, they are now numerous, well-to-do, more or less gay, and they accordingly feel in its fullest measure the workings of the great instincts of expansion. Accordingly they have "begun to curse and to swear" like Peter when he felt himself an imperious desire to say a great deal, and really had nothing to say. With a great many, perhaps with most, swearers profanity simply means the articulate expression of thought or emotion. For people whose powers of expression are slight, who have only recently come to feel the need of any, profanity has the attraction of seeming to be very expressive. We shall never, as a nation, swear any less until our society in general insists more on adequacy and accuracy of expression and definitely makes up its mind what is mere interjectional exuberance and what is grossly indecent.—*Philadelphia Press.*

BASE-BALL STATISTICS.
The amount of wood consumed in one year in making bats is almost incredible. It would make 131,497 hoe-handles, 227,345 ax-helves; or, converted into toothpicks, would supply every free-lunch fiend in Chicago, St. Louis, and Cincinnati for years to come. The loss to agricultural interests and mechanical industries by the employment of able-bodied men in base-ball service is enormous, and at the lowest calculation may be put down at \$23,470,345 per annum. The expenditure of muscular energy in one hotly contested game alone has been estimated to be sufficient to break two tons of stone, saw five cords of wood, or hoe seven acres of ground! The employment it directly or indirectly gives to the trades and professions must not, however, be overlooked; for, as nine out of ten base-ball players get broken noses, sustain severe internal injuries, or lose their teeth, the surgical and dental professions would regretfully look upon its decline.—*Richmond Baton.*

A BOY'S LOGIC.
"Mother, can't I go out and play?" asked a little boy.

"No, my son," she answered; "you will get your clothes dirty."

"Is the Lord coming to-day?"

"I don't know," said his mother; "He may come."

"Don't they have any dirt in heaven for little boys to play in?"

"No, my son."

"What do little boys do there?"

"They sing songs and play under the trees," answered his mother.

"Well, mother, how do they have any trees if they don't have any dirt?"—*Baltimore American.*

"It's not glory I'm working for," said a young lawyer to an old jurist.

"It isn't?"

"No, sir."

"Well, that's lucky, for I don't believe you'd ever get a smell if you were."—*Chicago Ledger.*

The Home of Mr. Blaine.
WASHINGTON, D. C.—The son of Senator Frye, of Maine, who has been suffering from a severe cold, which settled on his chest, was cured by a few doses of Red Star Cough Cure. He publicly indorses it as prompt, pleasant, and safe. Dr. Cox calls it the best remedy. It contains no opiates or poisons.

A RELIGIOUS TRUTH.
No woman will love a man better for being renowned or prominent. Though he be the first among men, she will be prouder, not fonder; as is often the case, she will not even be proud. But give her love, appreciation, kindness, and there is no sacrifice she would not make for his content and comfort. The man who loves her well is her hero and king. No less a hero to her though he is not to any other; no less a king though his only kingdom is her heart and home. It is a man's own fault if he is unhappy with his wife, in nine cases out of ten. It is a very exceptional woman who will not be all she can to an attentive husband, and a very exceptional one who will not be very disagreeable if she finds herself willfully neglected.—*Alabama Baptist.*

The Present Generation
Lives at telegraphic speed—eats too fast, retires too late, does not rise betimes, smokes, and alas, that we should have to say it! chews too much tobacco. The consequences are dyspepsia, a general absence of that robust and manly vigor which characterized our ancestors, and a manifest proneness to early decay. Regular hours, a due allowance of time for meals, the disuse of excessive smoking, and altogether of chewing tobacco, in connection with a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, will in nine cases out of ten efface the consequences of the abuses of the laws of health indicated above. A want of stamina, dyspepsia, nervousness, and biliousness are among these consequences, and they are bodily life to the removal of which the Bitters is specially adapted. Nor is the Bitters fitted to overcome and prevent fever and ague, kidney and bladder troubles, and rheumatic ailments. It is also a fine appetizer and promoter of convalescence.

NO DANGER OF IT.
"There is one thing I dread," remarked Fenderson, "and that is a premature-burial." "Don't worry about that," replied Fogg, "the thing is impossible. There's no danger of your being buried too soon."—*Boston Transcript.*

THE word "pamphlet" is derived from the name of a Greek authoress, Pamphylia, who compiled a history of the world into thirty-five little books. "Punch and Judy" is a contraction from Pontius and Judas. It is a relic of an old "miracle play," in which the actors were Pontius Pilate and Judas Iscariot.

"Oh! But I Salivated Him!"
was the actual exclamation of an honest physician, spoken of one of his patients to whom he had given colomet for the cure of biliousness and a diseased liver. And he had salivated him for certain, from which he never recovered. All these distressing consequences are avoided by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," a purely vegetable remedy that will not sallow, but produce the most pleasing effect, invigorate the liver, cure headache, dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, and piles. By druggists.

THE new Government building in Philadelphia is settling. Too heavy contracts on it, probably.

What "Old Fritz" Said.
It was an aphorism of Frederick the Great's that "Facts are divine things." An undisputed fact is that Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is the most powerful liver vitalizer extant, and by its characteristic and searching action will cure dyspepsia, constipation, dropsy, kidney disease, sick-headache, and other maladies which, popular opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, are directly traceable to a diseased condition of the liver, by which its work as purifier of the blood is made incomplete. All druggists.

STRAWs show which way the mint-julep goes.

Gently Does It.—Without pain or irritation Dr. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS relieve the constipated bowels; at the same time so thoroughly toning these inner membranes and restoring their mechanical action, that it seems as if they had been actually reorganized on an improved plan! Yet the result is solely due to an effort of nature, re-enforced, regulated, and sustained by the purest and best Vegetable alternative and tonic that ever passed the lips of the sick and suffering.

A SHAKER community—where the ague prevails.—*Carl Prezel's Weekly.*

HAY FEVER.
Ely's Cream Balm was recommended to me by my druggist as a preventive to Hay Fever. Have been using it as directed since the 15th of August, and have found it a specific for that much dreaded and loathsome disease. For ten years or more I have been a great sufferer each year, from August 9th till frost, and have tried many alleged remedies for its cure, but Ely's Cream Balm is the only preventive I have ever found. Hay Fever sufferers ought to know of its efficacy.

H. R. AINSWORTH & CO., Publishers, Indianapolis, Ind.

I have been afflicted with Hay Fever for seven years—Ely's Cream Balm cured me entirely.

H. D. CALLIHAN, Baggage Master, I. & St. L. R. R., Terre Haute, Ind.

"Put up" at the Gault House.

The business man or tourist will find first-class accommodations at the low price of \$2 and \$2.50 per day at the Gault House, Chicago, corner Canton and Madison streets. This far-famed hotel is located in the center of the city, only one block from the Union Depot. Elevator; all appointments first-class.

HOYT & GATES, Proprietors.

PURE Cod-Liver Oil, made from selected livers on the sea shore, by CASWELL, HAZARD & Co., New York. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market.

Good for Man and Beast! Read This! Army and Navy Liniment will cure your rheumatism, neuralgia, or cramp in less time than any other liniment known. For sale by all druggists. [See advt. next issue.]

CHAPPED Hands, Face, Pimples and rough Skin, cured by using JUNIPER TREE SOAP, made by CASWELL, HAZARD & Co., New York.

The worst cases cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Members of Congress have a frank way about them.—*Texas Siftings.*

Important.
When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot; 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cabs, stage, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union than at any first-class hotel in the city.

One to bald-headed men—There'll be no parting there.—*The Judge.*

JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
21
THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.
CURES
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a Bottle. Directions in 11 Languages.

THE CHARLES A. VOGLER CO.
(Successors to A. VOGLER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

Lady Agents!
WANTED For the best-selling publication in the United States. It is well established and pays a very liberal salary, with a chance for competing for several Premiums worth from \$25 to \$200. For full particulars address
P. O. BOX 497, CHICAGO, ILL.

VINEGAR BITTERS
is the Great Blood Purifier and Life-giving Principle; a Gentle Purgative and Tonic; a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the system. Never before in the history of the world has a medicine been compounded, possessing the power of VINEGAR BITTERS in healing the sick of every disease man is heir to. One bottle will prove it.

DO NOT FORGET
Perry Davis' Pain Killer

FOR SUMMER COMPLAINT, or any other form of Bowel Disease in Children or Adults, it is almost certain relief. In India, Africa and China, where this kind of disease is so common, it is considered by natives, as well as by foreign residents, a SURE REMEDY.

Price, 25 cts., 50 cts., and \$1.00 per Bottle.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

ASK Your Newsdealer for THE CHICAGO LEDGER, the BEST STORY PAPER in the country. Read it.

TELEGRAPHY I learn here and earn good pay. Situations furnished. Write Valentine Bros., Jamestown, Wis.

FREE HOW TO RAISE WHEAT. Write for free pamphlet, "HOW TO RAISE WHEAT," by H. B. GREEN, M. D., 55 Jones Avenue, Atlanta, Ga.

PATENTS Hand-Book FREE. R. S. & A. P. LACEY, Patent Attys., Washington, D. C.

Agents Wanted for Life and Deeds of GEN'L GRANT by COLONEL F. A. BURE. It contains a full history of his noble and eventful life. Introduction written by Grant's Pastor, Rev. Dr. Newman. Col. Burr's work is endorsed by Grant's most intimate friends. Send for extra terms to agents. Published by National Publishing Co., CHICAGO.

ASTHMA CURED
German Asthma Cure never fails to give immediate relief in the worst cases, insures comfort and sleep, cures where all others fail. A trial convinces the most skeptical. Price 50c, and \$1.00, of Druggists or by mail. Send FREE (enclose 3c) to Dr. R. SCHIFF, 101 N. 3rd St., St. Paul, Minn.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE.
Best in the World. Get the genuine. Every package has our Trade-mark and is marked Frazer's. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Did you Suppose
Mustang Liniment only good for horses? It is for inflammation of all flesh.

FOR THE BLOOD TAKE FOR DYSPEPSIA HOPS & MALT BITTERS.

If you wish a certain cure for all Blood diseases. Nothing was ever invented that will cleanse the Blood and purify the System equal to Hops and MALT Bitters. It tones up the System, puts new Blood in your veins, restores your lost appetite and sleep, and brings you perfect health. It never fails to give relief in all cases of Kidney or Liver Troubles, Biliousness, Indigestion, Constipation, Sick Headaches, Dyspepsia, Nervous disorders, and all Female Complaints when properly taken. It is a sure cure. Thousands have been benefited by it in this and other Western States. It is the best Combination of Vegetable remedies as yet discovered for the restoration to health of the Weak and Debilitated. Do not get Elona and MALT Bitters confounded with inferior preparations of similar name. I prescribe Hops & Malt Bitters regularly in my practice. Robert Turner, M. D., Flat Rock, Mich. For sale by all druggists.

HOPS & MALT BITTERS CO., DETROIT, MICH.

SUBSCRIPTION AGENTS.
Send for new rates and commissions on THE CHICAGO LEDGER. It is the best-selling paper in the United States, and agents can make BIG MONEY handling it. Address THE CHICAGO LEDGER, 271 Franklin street, CHICAGO, ILL.

WINTER WHEAT. Largest grain, pure white, 32 bushels to an acre. Send 10c. for free sample to S. A. STEINER, Appleton, Minn.

ORGANS The most beautiful and finest toned in the world. Send for catalogue. Address Weaver Organ & Piano Co., York, Pa.

R. U. AWARE THAT
Lorillard's Climax Plug
bearing a red tin tag; that Lorillard's Rose Leaf fine cut; that Lorillard's Navy Clippings, and that Lorillard's Stuffs, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

RUGS MADE IN A DAY
Delightful employment easy and profitable. No Hooking, No Weaving, No Sewing. Use any kind of cloth (new or old), rags or yarn. A handsome Turkish Rug made with 25 cts. worth of carpet waste. RUGS MADE IN A DAY can be used in all sewing machines, or by hand. A wonderful invention. If sent sight, price \$1.00, postpaid. Address Wm. J. H. H. Send stamp for circulars, terms, and territory. JNO. G. HOIT & CO., 218 State St., Chicago.

THE BUYER'S GUIDE is issued Sept. and March, each year. 64-256 pages, 8 1/2 x 11 1/2 inches, with over 3,500 illustrations—a whole Picture Gallery. Gives Wholesale Prices direct to consumers on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. These INVALUABLE BOOKS contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy FREE to any address upon receipt of 10 cts. to defray expense of mailing. Let us hear from you. Respectfully,
MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.
227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-patches, Itch, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on the face. It softens, and defines the features. It has stood the test of thirty years, and is so harmless we make it to be sure the preparation is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the highest reputation: "As you ladies will use them, I recommend you to use the Oriental Cream." It is the best of all skin preparations. One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also, Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin. Ask M. B. T. GOURAUD, sole Proprietor, 45 Bond St., N.Y. For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canada, and Europe. Beware of base imitations. Return reward for arrest and proof of any one using the same.

DROPSY
TREATED FREE.
DR. H. H. GREEN,
A Specialist for Eleven Years Past.

Has treated Dropsy and its complications with the most wonderful success; uses reliable remedies entirely harmless. Removes all symptoms of dropsy in eight to twenty days. Cures patients pronounced hopeless by the best of physicians.

From the first dose the symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed.

Some may cry humbug without knowing anything about it. Remember, it does not cost you anything to realize the merits of my treatment for your self. In ten days the difficulty of breathing is relieved, the pulse regular, the urinary organs made to discharge their full duty, sleep is restored, the swelling all or nearly gone, the strength increased, and appetite made good. I am constantly curing cases of long standing, cases that have been tapped a number of times, and the patient declared unable to live a week. Send for 10 days' treatment; directions and terms free. Give full history of case. Name sex, how long afflicted, how badly swollen and where, is bowels costive, have legs burst and dripped water. Send for free pamphlet, containing testimonials, questions, etc.

Ten days' treatment furnished free by mail. Epilepsy fits positively cured. If order trial, send 7 cents in stamps to pay postage. H. H. GREEN, M. D., 55 Jones Avenue, Atlanta, Ga.

68- Mention this name.

S. N. U. No. 37-85

In writing to Advertisers, please do not fail in mentioning this paper. Advertisers like to know how many they have.

A Clear Skin
is only a part of beauty; but it is a part. Every lady may have it; at least, what looks like it. Magnolia Balm both freshens and beautifies.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN R. R.

TRAINS GOING EAST.

Stirling Passenger	7:02, A. M.
Pacific Express	10:35 "
Marshalltown Passenger	2:05, P. M.
leaves	2:30, P. M.
Denver Passenger	3:10 A. M.
Freight	5:57, P. M.
Freight	7:47, A. M.
Freight	1:43, P. M.

GOING WEST.

Stirling Passenger	7:42, P. M.
Pacific Express	3:42 "
Marshalltown Passenger	12:45, "
leaves	1:37, A. M.
Freight (Except Monday)	5:48, A. M.
Freight	12:25, P. M.
Freight	3:00, "
Freight	5:40, "

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.

GOING SOUTH.

Passenger	11:10, A. M.
Passenger	3:30 "
New Passenger	5:50, P. M.
Freight	8:50 "
Freight	9:22 P. M.

GOING NORTH.

Passenger	1:55, P. M.
Passenger	12:37 A. M.
New Passenger	6:30 A. M.
Freight	7:30 "
Freight	8:50, A. M.

W. C. WOOLEY, Agent

*Freight trains carrying passengers.

S. G. AUSTIN & CO.

—Joe. Hayden is here from Chicago.

—S. D. Porter is in Chicago on business.

—Charlie Bartow is dangerously sick in Chicago.

—John Coffey is here from Chicago for a few days.

—Geo. Morgan, of Amboy, is in town to-day.

—Mr. West, of Chicago, is visiting at Nelson Barnes'.

—The Board of Supervisors concluded their labors yesterday afternoon.

—Ed Cobl' advertises that he is on deck and prepared to serve customers.

—Passenger trains (the Omaha express) will run east and west on the North-western to-morrow.

—Al. Spiller left for Monmouth, this State, where he will take a position in the express office.

—Remember the grand musical entertainment and oyster supper at the Universalist church Thursday evening. Look out for the programme.

—The hop at the Nachusa House last evening was not what would be called a jam. At least it is fair to say that the dancers had plenty of room and a good time.

—Miss Ida Sweet sent her resignation of the Chicago pension office direct to the President; thus ignoring Commissioner Black. Her successor, Mrs. Mulligan, will take charge of the office on the 30th instant.

—There will be a fireman's dance at the Opera House, Tuesday evening, which should receive the patronage of our citizens, for the reason that the boys perform much gratuitous work for property owners here.

—James B. Ayres, a former Dixon boy, is in the city visiting relatives and friends. James is prospering as we may well understand by the good cigars he leaves upon our table as well as by the kohl-noor he wears.

—Farmers are anxiously hoping for the clouds to clear away and then to cease as this weather that Jupiter Pluvius is now sending is somewhat damaging to the grain in the shock, of which there is considerable standing in the fields.

—The Ladies of the Lutheran church are requested to meet in the lecture room of that church next Wednesday morning, at nine o'clock, for the purpose of sewing carpet and getting the same in shape to be placed in the audience room as soon as the other work is completed.

Death of Emery A. Storrs.

Special to the TELEGRAPH.

OTTAWA, ILL., Sept. 12.

Emery A. Storrs, the celebrated lawyer and orator, was found dead in his bed at the hotel here this morning. He arrived here on Tuesday for the purpose of arguing the Mackin election fraud case before the Supreme Court. Last night he telephoned to the operator to telegraph to his wife that he was ill. Mrs. Storrs left Chicago on the first train for Ottawa, and arrived here at seven o'clock, and on repairing to his room found her husband dead. The cause of death is supposed to have been pleurisy of the heart. The remains will be taken to Chicago where preparations are now being made for a funeral in honor of the dead.

—Doctor Winters, of Pine Creek, undertook to ford a stream up there on Thursday, but the swollen tide upset his buggy and he and his horses had a narrow escape from death. The Doctor lost his surgical instruments and other traps amounting to about one hundred dollars worth. The Doctor is to-day at work with a seine endeavoring to fish from the creek his lost property.

—It is hardly necessary for the TELEGRAPH to call attention to the fact that modesty is a well known prominent characteristic in the make up of a citizen of Dixon; but, nevertheless, the virtue is such a commendable one that it must be considered as a sort of pardonable boast for us to speak of it here in this paper; a journal that so loves to extol the good qualities of this city. From the St. Paul Water Ways convention there came the other day an extended interview showing the noble work that had been performed there by Mr. Dixon, of Dixon, Illinois, and as no "Mr. Dixon from Dixon" was absent from home at the time the only conclusion we can now arrive at to explain the matter is this: One of our citizens, who was probably driven into a corner by a pencil sharpener, must have either refused to give his name, dreading publicity, or intentionally handed in to the newspaper man a sort of *non de plume*. We have a faint sort of suspicion that Alderman Julien was the man who thus modestly threw a newspaper reporter off his guard and ignored the ecstatic glow of seeing his name in the Chicago papers. The famous state prisoner of France with the Iron Mask, or the author of the "Junius" letters, which startled a England a century ago, are secrets not more strange than this of which we write, if our friend John be not the man of modesty to whom we refer. We shall certainly try him on a newspaper interview when he returns.

—The road commissioners are now getting in their work in great shape on all the principal thoroughfares in almost every direction about Dixon and the result is that the highways are, as usual at such times, in many places almost impassable. There are exceptions to the rule, we are free to admit, and in some instances, rare however, the roads have actually been considerably improved by the work that has been put upon them. However it would be for the general good if, about the time that work on the roads is about to commence, each year, there could be some sort of a marshal law declared and an edict issued from some despotic power, created, *pro bono publico*, for the occasion, giving fair and timely warning to the effect that if any Highway Commissioner or Road Supervisor, is caught in the act of "working on the road" he shall be immediately shot—or fished from the road—upon the spot. Now is the time that nice smooth roads are plowed up and littered out in a manner to prevent any sort of comfort in riding upon them until at least many months have passed or within a few weeks of the time set for again "working on the roads." Sometimes, during the season, when the Highway Commissioners are busy cultivating their corn or harvesting the grain, the roads become worn down by use until we have very good drives in the country; but the very moment that the road boss secures a little leisure and can't sleep on account of a guilty conscience brought on by recollections of road-destroying propensities, again he is at it with plow and scraper, piling the hummocks to the center of the road where the wayfarer, though afoot, is liable to use profane language as he plodder along.

—Rockford claims a wonderful curiosity in the shape of a young negress with a luxuriant growth of auburn ringlets. The dispatch does not inform THE TELEGRAPH whether or not the hair is her own.

—Augustus Zuhl died at his home in North Dixon, Friday morning, aged sixty-six, after years' suffering with chronic catarrh of the stomach. The deceased located in Dixon thirty years ago, immigrating here from Regenwolde, Prussia. He leaves a wife and three children; a daughter, in New York, a son at Flagg, Ogle county, and a son, Frank, at home. The funeral will take place at the Lutheran church to-morrow afternoon at three o'clock.

—And now to-day it appears after all the fuss that there was no yacht race off Coney Island yesterday. Supposing that the race would be finished before the EVENING TELEGRAPH went to press we made great efforts to have a report sent from New York, last night, of the result; but that we did not succeed is now explained. The wind went down and as the boats could not finish in the allotted time the race was declared off at 6:40 o'clock. And new England and America breathe easy, not yet being certain who rules the waves.

—The summer tourists are returning home. P. M. Alexander and Ferris Finch have arrived from their trip to the Pacific Slope. Hon. H. H. Smith, one of the tourists, is here with them taking a little rest before going on to Washington. They appear to have enjoyed their trip very much; combining pleasure with considerable scientific investigation, as they have, we shall hope for results which others may enjoy. The Chinese question was thoroughly investigated and a lecture is now being prepared by Messrs Finch and Smith. The literary work of the lecture is on the plan of the Beaumont and Fletcher poems, and we hope that they will have it ready to deliver here before leaving for the east. Mr. Finch, so Mr. Smith informs us, has a fine collection of Chinese coins, with the value in American commodities marked upon each; with the wise sayings from Confucius as interpreted by Perse Cheney. Mr. Smith will fill in (so we learn from his friend) as his share in the literary work of the lecture, accounts of what they saw in the Chinese District at San Francisco; showing the marked difference between a Josh House and the church the writers attend in Washington; the Buddhist religion as compared with progressive euchre and old sledge, etc. We shall, in this work, without doubt, have the bottom facts in Mongolian trouble on the Slope. That a Chinaman does not believe in a future endless punishment, remarks Mr. Smith, is easily explained by a visit to the Chinese Quarters, where it will be at once seen that the life of the Celestial here on earth "beats hellee allee samee" and there is no particular use in trying to improve on it. They are generally engaged in their literary work during the evening and they are prepared to receive callers during the day.

—The sudden death of Emery A. Storrs as announced in a special dispatch to the EVENING TELEGRAPH, will be received with sadness throughout the entire country. He was one of the most eloquent orators of the age, and in many respects a remarkable man. He was brilliant, accomplished and learned. Mr. Storrs was born in Cattaraugus County, New York, in 1843, and studied law with his father, a noted lawyer, and Marshall R. Champlin, at one time Attorney General of that State. He was admitted to the bar at Buffalo, in 1855, and practiced law in New York City until 1859, when he located in Chicago, where he has since resided. Little did he, or his friends, when he was delivering the eloquent eulogy on General Grant, in our city so recently, suppose that he would so soon follow his friend to the silent tomb.

—E. B. Isett, brother-in-law of Captain Dysart, is visiting here from Altoona, Pennsylvania. Mr. Isett is president of the Altoona Bank and a prominent citizen there. He is enjoying his visit here very much, and, as we write, he is whiling away the morning hours with pole and line at the river.

—The Rev. M. E. Cady is enjoying a visit from his father, of Vermont, and a brother from Chicago.

—Dr. Wm. K. Fiatt and wife, of Vinton, Iowa, are here on a short visit with old friends. The Doctor goes around shaking hands with old friends who don't know him.

Church Announcements.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

At the Universalist church to-morrow the subject of the morning discourse will be: "From Hell to Heaven; or the Methods of Redemption." Evening subject: "Reasoning with God." All are cordially invited.

M. E. CHURCH.

Quarterly meeting services at the M. E. church to-morrow, beginning with a love feast in the morning, at 9:45. Rev. Dr. Spencer, the presiding elder, will be present in the evening to conduct a praise service at the regular hour of evening services. This will be the last opportunity for our people to listen to Dr. Spencer as his term of office expires with the conference year.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

Morning subject: "The second coming of Christ." In the evening the last illustrated sermon of the series subject: "What advantage is there in becoming a Christian?"

Brubaker & Carpenter.

New Cloaks from Springer Brothers, Boston, have just arrived.

CONDENSED NEWS.

A terrible gale at Paris Friday inflicted great damage upon property and caused numerous casualties.

The British government will present medals to the Canadian soldiers who served during the recent rebellion.

A company has been formed, with a capital stock of \$4,000,000, to build a railroad from Jeffersonville to Terre Haute, Ind.

Henry Martin & Co., leather dealers, of Buffalo, N. Y., who failed recently, owe \$206,691.65, and have assets of \$8,963.63.

The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad will be completed Oct. 1 through from Kansas City to San Diego and San Francisco.

Among the fourth-class postmasters appointed Friday, ten were for Illinois, eight for Michigan, nine for Iowa, and five for Indiana.

Three women were drowned in Lake Traverse, near Brown's Valley, Minnesota, Thursday evening, by their boat capsizing during a storm.

It was rumored on Wall street Friday that the Pennsylvania company had contracted to carry grain from Chicago to New York at a 5-cent rate.

Four young men who left South Haven, Mich., in a small sailboat just before Tuesday's storm on Lake Michigan, have not been heard from, and were undoubtedly lost.

Two men attempted to enter the powder magazine at Woolwich, England, after beating the sentry on duty in a brutal manner, but were frightened away and made good their escape.

The individual losses from the recent cyclone at Washington court house, Ohio, will exceed \$250,000. About one hundred families are reported by the local relief committee to be in need of assistance.

Latest advices from the civil war in Peru are that the government troops retain possession of Ica, and that the Cacerist forces have been obliged by lack of provisions to abandon their advanced positions at Canta.

A number of miscegenationists in Fairfield county, South Carolina, have been visited at their homes by a band of masked "regulators," who whipped them severely and ordered them to leave at once for other parts.

The man known as Davis, who committed suicide in a Bowery hotel at New York on Thursday, proves to have been John Karloff, son of a Russian nobleman, who took his life because of inability to obtain employment.

Jacob Keeley, a druggist of Rockbridge, Ill., was murdered Thursday night, in his store where his body was found Friday morning with a bullet wound in the chest and another in the arm. There is no clew to the identity of his slayer, nor the object of the crime.

C. A. Van Bokken, an American citizen who has been released through the efforts of Secretary Bayard from a Haytian prison, in which he had been confined fifteen months in defiance of treaty obligations, is at Washington to urge that the government demand indemnity for the outrage.

A prize-fighter was killed in Texas one Sunday. In view of the results, it is hard to call this desecration of the Sabbath.—Louisville Commercial.

The older the burlesque actress knows the higher she kicks, says the *Christian at Work*. Good gracious! How did a seligious editor ever learn this fact.

Paules in want of good fits in clothing will do well to give Wm. Boager a call. His tailoring shop is on Hennepin street, north of Main, and we can vouch for his workmanship. He is a first class tailor.

Dressmaking.

Mrs. Bainter has removed her dress-making shop to the rooms over Anton Julien's barber shop.

524tf.

Barber Shop and Bath Rooms.

D. M. Luker, at the Nachusa House barber shop and bath rooms is always on hand and ready to serve customers

Punch Cigars.

For sale by sole agents.
509tf J. H. MORRIS & SON.

We will give a reward of five dollars for the arrest and conviction of any person guilty of boring, cutting or making holes through the skating rink.
52816 A. BACHRACH & Co.

Ypsilanti Water.

The remedy for most of the "ills that flesh is heir to," now for sale by J. H. MORRIS & SON.
509tf

House Cleaning.

C. Jackson, having returned to Dixon, is now prepared to put up stoves, change carpets, and do all sorts of house cleaning. Leave orders at Charles Cooke's house.

FOR RENT.

GOOD ROOMS on second floor; rent reasonable. Enquire at EVENING TELEGRAPH office.
6341f

FOR SALE.

HOUSE FOR SALE. The dwelling first door north of Catholic Parsonage. Also house on lot of B. D. O'Brien.
J. S. RUGGAND HANSEN.
One of the best family houses in this city, with garden and barns, by daily route, low price. Enquire at this office.

WANTED.

SEWING by the day or piece. Apply to Rose Jackson, at Aaron Moore's, or through the post office.
530tf

A GIRL to do general house work. Apply to Mrs. N. UNDERWOOD.
534tf

THE EUREKA FURNACES.

Are self-feeding, thus requiring the least possible amount of attention; carrying fire with certainty, and securing perfect uniformity of temperature. They do this with the cheapest grades (unscreened) and are economical of soft coal, without soft smoke or odor in the house, and easily pay for themselves by saving in fuel bills. Sold on a guarantee. Write or call upon MACOMBE & HENOLD, Gen'l Agts., 12 Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.

Brubaker & Carpenter

Are now prepared to show a splendid

NEW STOCK

—OF—

CARPETS

Call and see one

New Dress Goods.

SILK VELVETS ONLY \$1. YD

Ladies and Misses

JERSEYS VERY CHEAP! JERSEYS

Big stock of

New Gingham & Prints

BRUBAKER & CARPENTER.

Groceries and Glassware

AT COST!

The entire stock of

Groceries, Crockery and Glassware

GODFREY & STEEL,

Is now being sold

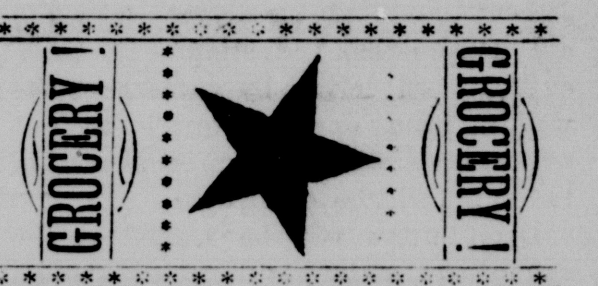
AT COST, FOR CASH.

Call and Examine Goods & Prices

September 1st, 1885.

[320w2]

THE BEAUTIFUL



It Shines For All

It is beautiful in its

CHOICE GOODS

And its prices are "Beautifully Low" than other grocery stores. It's

STOCK IS COMPLETE

And its Delivery Wagon is always on hand. Its customers cannot but be happy, for the goods are sold at

—THE—

STAR GROCERY

Always pure, healthy and unadulterated. Corner Main and Hennepin streets. Next door to the "Lowa Pump."

Call and See Me

Hack Line

—TO—

ANY PART OF THE CITY.

Alonzo Gage

Desires to inform his friends that orders for hacks to any part of the city for parties and funerals will receive prompt attention. Hacks make

Regular Trips to All Trains.

Charles Culp is now driving for another firm and therefore orders given him do not reach me.

ALONZO GAGE.

(355 tf)